Officers and Gentlemen.- *By* Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P.

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OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

By Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P.

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FOR many years Parliament, the public and the press took little interest in the British Army. There was an army—so much was known—and it was reputed very brave. It was managed by a War Office; this also was understood, which was certainly very bad. Both were extremely expensive, and the Chancellor and the taxpayers grumbled very much at the estimates as they were presented year after year. The Secretaries of State for War prepared soft answers to indignant criticism and explained soothingly that the money expended must be regarded as an insurance. Whereat the nation ruefully put its hand in its pocket, paid the bill, devoutly hoped there might be no fire and turned its attention elsewhere.

The Steady Demands for Army Reforms

Suddenly we were in the midst of a great war. Defeats, not victories, were flashed home along the cables. The nation awoke astonished but, luckily, undismayed. By an expenditure of blood and money quite disproportioned even to the great scale of the enterprise, the desired result was obtained and the national pride restored, and even increased. But in the process army matters, the defense of the country, and all that sort of thing attracted a great deal of attention. The attention discovered many serious defects and deficiencies in the military system, some of which explained or were held to explain several of the misfortunes of the war. There arose at once a loud and steady demand for army reform; but what the direction or scope of such a measure should be was declared by some with a vagueness which was not helpful to the cause and by others with a violence which was actually harmful to it.

There are so many different spheres of action open to the army reformer that he may well be puzzled which to begin with. First, there is the great question of material: rifles and guns—have we the best kinds? If so, have we enough of them? If not, how quickly can we obtain others? This is the most urgent of all questions, for a great people even utterly untrained but with modern weapons cannot perhaps be conquered at all. Without them they are helpless.

Extreme Charges of Incompetency

Then there are the questions of men and money. Can we not get more and better men for the money we spend now? Do we get value for that money; and if not, why not? There are questions connected with military works. Should London be defended by forts? What of the coaling stations? And there are questions about stores and transport, and about army doctors and army chaplains. But it is with the question of the British officer that the critics and reformers are most seriously concerned just now. There is a sort of idea that it is his fault that soldiers have been killed and wounded in the war. Some people say he is stupid, and write letters to the newspapers under the heading, "Our Stupid Officers." Others that he is idle: he does not work at his profession. Others accuse him of being vulgar and ill-mannered. Others again, like Mr. Hales, censure him because he is too refined—a dandy and a fop. There appears to be a general agreement that he is incompetent. "The cavalry subaltern," writes "An Old Australian" to the Times, "is a very incompetent person." One can imagine the storm such a wild and sweeping attack would raise if it were directed against any other class or profession. Yet the statement passes unchallenged, even while the incriminated class is still engaged in fighting in the war, and the names of these same cavalry subalterns figure day after day in the casualty lists. It is not necessary to point out how ridiculous and offensive all this wild language is, or how much pain and bitterness is caused to far larger classes than those who use it are probably aware. Persons who write and talk in such a strain are greater enemies to reform in the army than any stiff-necked official at the War Office, and their violence is just as paralyzing as the red tape that excites their fury.

The reputation of the British officer has been made and maintained in various countries, and his fighting qualities have won the respect and admiration of many breeds of military barbarians; neither was he found inferior to continental prototypes in the Napoleonic wars or in the Crimea. It is quite true that since those days the weapons of war have entirely changed; but war as an art and as an ordeal remains very much the same. The same classes of people in every country aspire to be officers in the army. What evidence is there that the classes upon which the British Army draws have become relatively inferior to those upon which other armies depend. On the average, the young man from the British public school is as fine a specimen of civilized humanity, considering character, mind and body together, as can be found. Of course he is not so terrible a fighting animal as men who are born and bred in the bush or on the veldt, who live by their rifles and the keenness of their senses. The frontiersman has ever had a class for himself in the fighting scale. But it may be asserted that the raw material from which British officers are formed is at least as healthy and intelligent as that from which the officers of other European armies are made.

If, therefore, our officers are not satisfactory, it is our system of training that is at fault. The violence of the fanatics discourages moderate people from criticism of all kinds, lest they should seem to give countenance to these vile attacks. But having strongly repudiated such an idea, I will venture to assert that the British Army gets the best set of fellows in the world for its officers, but that the system does not develop the best that is in them, nor does it always bring the best among them to high command.

Doing Away with Gilded Popinjays

By what means, then, can we improve the system of training and promotion? Surely that is a pertinent inquiry. Of course answers are forthcoming. People—wild people—cry: "Democratize the army. Let us have no more gilded popinjays. Down with the aristocrats. Take the officers from the ranks." There is an impression among a certain class of persons that the army is the exclusive preserve of the aristocracy. This impression is, of course, entirely false. Our officers are certainly not aristocrats. Comparatively few men of title or great family, still fewer of wealth, are tempted by the small and precarious rewards of military service to face its hardships in time of peace. But the army is certainly officered by gentlemen, and before those gentlemen are excluded one very important person will have to be consulted—the private soldier. No one has been able to abuse the soldiers in this war. They have done their duty with a courage, patience and strength beyond general expectation. They have a very curious prejudice in favor of being commanded by gentlemen. Nothing do they dislike more than to be compelled to salute men of their own class and origin. A captain who has risen from the ranks will find the word "Ranker" no hindrance in the mess, but a serious drawback in the barrack-room. This may be sad; it is very unpleasant to Radical theorists; but it is certainly true. It is even more true with native than with British soldiers. The fact is that that curious and subtle qualification which no one can precisely define, but which every one can immediately detect, is an actual material advantage in the field of war.

Grave and thoughtful men of affairs say that the British officer must be made to take his profession seriously. It is shown that alone among professional men the British officer enjoys a half holiday nearly every day. There is a general feeling that he should "take his profession seriously" in the afternoon. What does that mean? Does it mean that having spent four hours in the morning marching up and down on a barrack square, and pushing little bits of straw back over the line at stables, he should spend four more hours at this employment during the afternoon?—and to what purpose except to make our army more stiff and routine-ridden?

How to Please the Soldiers

Besides, it must not be forgotten that in this, as in all other things, the private soldier, and in the cavalry the troop horse as well, must be considered. The officer is at the mercy of the reformer. But there are limits to the patience of the private and to the capacity of the troop horse; and so it happens that there are limits to the number of hours of drill and field training which can be prescribed for each day. If these limits be exceeded the troop horse dies, or, at any rate, grows thin, to the public loss. The soldier follows a less painful course. He does not enlist. The young man out of a job already feels a considerable disinclination to submit to military discipline and the many hard features of army life. The freedom of existence in a great manufacturing town, its many interests, football, politics and theatres, attract the possible recruit just as they attract the agricultural laborer. But the comparatively short hours of actual duty in peace time, the many opportunities of showing off a smart uniform, or of sleeping luxuriously in the barrack-room while the man in civil employ is working, just make it seem worth while to take the shilling. Strike out these advantages and, however temptingly the glories of a free kit and a full ration may be blazoned on the posters, the soldier-famine will only become more acute. And, after all, surely there is enough parade and pipeclay in the army.

Is there, then, no remedy? Are the clamors for reform to go forever unsatisfied? Are we to believe that with regard to the British officer the resources of civilization are exhausted? The country is in no mood to accept such conclusions. But let us realize the situation first.

The life of the regular soldier is and must be largely a life of routine. The regular army is an army of sentry-go. The battalions in England are little more than feeders for the garrisons in India, the coaling stations and the Colonies. All that vast area called the British Empire has to be watched and protected, and the army, which many regard only as a fighting medium, is spread about the world on guard and picket, performing on a grand scale through long years of peace the prosaic and monotonous duties of the village police.

Comparison with Other Professions

It is useless, therefore, to compare the military system and the men produced by it with the practice and results of a profession followed always under conditions of open competition. It is impossible that the army in peace time should give as wide a scope to talent and energy as, for instance, the bar, medicine or money-making, in which every one is always on active service. The duties of a sentry do not afford much opportunity for the display of individual capacity, nor do they develop qualities of decision and imagination in the mind. To insure the precise and punctual discharge of these routine duties which, because of their dullness and uniformity, are distasteful to men and might produce habits of lethargy and slovenliness, a system of strict discipline is required, a system which seeks to stimulate the action of the sentry at once by the penalties of a military code and the pomp of military association. This system is for its purpose most effective. Nothing can exceed the excellent discipline of our army and the punctilious and conscientious manner in which the peace duties of sentry-go are performed all over the world. But to gain this in peace we lose a good deal that would be of value in war, for the spirit of discipline is directly opposed to independent judgment, originality of thought and ambitious energy. Moreover, the majority of men produced under such a system become themselves narrowed and prejudiced, and are likely to worship the system for the system's sake.

One fact is certain with regard to the training of officers. Improvement is to be sought not by adding to the amount of their routine duties or studies, but by offering greater incentives to individual exertion and ambition.

Some weeks ago a friend of mine displayed to me his stud farm and training stable, where many beautiful horses are bred and prepared for racing. He described how every season all the yearlings are broken and put in training so that their capacity may be gauged. For the first few months all are treated alike. But very soon he begins to discriminate; the yearlings are dealt with according to their quality; some are entered in the Derby, some become steeplechasers, and others draw cabs. My friend said it would be a ridiculous waste of money to enter them all in the Derby, to train them all for that classic race, and to allow them to run in it when they come to the proper age. He said a man would be a perfect fool to do such a thing. Yet this is exactly what we do in the army. Luckily the British Empire stands a good deal of knocking about.

The Training of the Young Subaltern

The young officers come from the public schools to the army every year as the yearlings pass from the paddock into the training stable. They are sound in wind and limb, high-spirited, healthy and of a famous breed. With what care and thought should they be treated and prepared, for we must trust them in the day of trial to carry our silken colors to victory, as did their sires of old. It were foolish to enter them all for the great races.

We must pick out the likely ones and try to find for each a task suited to his quality. Above all, we must give them chances of showing their capacity, and secure for ourselves opportunities for judging their class; for otherwise a time will come when we shall find that we have put our money on the wrong horse. We must have many trials and gallops—those sham fights of the turf—and we should find good judges to pronounce the results. All the horses alike will have to bear the saddle of routine; but since they must be swift and eager we must make it as light as possible, and to nerve their efforts and correct their stride we must give them the spur of rivalry and the bridle of responsibility.

Rivalry and responsibility, these are the two great influences which must be brought into the lives and training of our officers, not only to improve the general standard but to insure the promotion of the fittest. What a chorus of protest this will raise! Rivalry, it will be said, will be the death-blow of discipline; it will destroy the loyalty of one officer to another, it will make the social relations of the mess impossible. How will Lieutenant A. preserve friendly relations with his junior, Lieutenant B., when he knows that B. is working tirelessly, perhaps with greater talents, to win promotion above him? How will Major X., who has served faithfully for eighteen years, look upon young Brevet-Major Y., who is regarded as certainly the best man to command the regiment and so deprives X. of what he has worked for so long? What would Mrs. Major X. say? And would not this kind of thing, besides promoting ill-feeling, lead to all manner of vulgar advertisement and servile currying for favor? These are weighty objections, but surely they may equally be urged against the system that prevails in the wider world, and yet upon the whole the world progresses. Every one can record instances of the keenest competition proceeding between individuals without causing jealousy or (and this is our chief concern with regard to military life) personal bitterness. Football, polo, boxing are tests which excite the nerves and passions of those who participate in them; yet how often perfect friendship is maintained between the individuals on opposite sides. Rival newspaper editors chaff each other across a hospitable table, competing students live in companionship in the same college, opposing candidates for Parliament often maintain or even establish the most cordial relations. So it is the greatest competition of all. Statesmen striving strenuously against each other nearly always keep politics and private life apart. Why, then, should we not apply to the army the principle so successful elsewhere? Personally, I cling to it as one of the fundamental principles of all human affairs. In trade, in commerce, in administration, in politics or in war this universal formula holds good: "Open competition under the rules."

Selecting Men as in Business

It is evident that the army, requiring as it does the performance of a great amount of necessary routine work, and consequently a strong element of discipline, cannot be treated as an ordinary profession; that it is a matter for the rules to deal with. The scope and scale of the competition would have to be restricted, but let us restrict them as little as possible, for the more closely, without upsetting discipline, the principles of selection in the army can be approximated to the principles prevailing in a great business house, the more efficient will the service become. Nowadays, when an officer has served for a certain number of years, he considers himself entitled in due course of seniority to promotion. If a major is passed over for the position of second in command of the regiment, he retires, thinking himself greatly insulted. He has a right, he feels, to command a regiment in his turn; but what of the regiment? Has not the regiment, with its six hundred men and horses, with the honor of the nation and the traditions of the past around its bandoliers—has it not a right to be considered, too; the right to be led by the finest soldier in it? Up to the age of thirty or thereabouts young men are still immature in mind and character. They are passing through a glorious transition stage; every year they must be conscious of an increase in their mental vigor; their imagination becomes more fertile, their judgment more precise; their earnestness, tolerance and sobriety are developed and strengthened.

But at thirty, for fighting purposes, and indeed for all purposes of action as opposed to reflection, a man is at his best. If he cannot command a brigade at thirty he will never be fit for such a task. It is not asserted that all brigadier-generals should be that age. But it should certainly be possible for men as young as that to be brigadiers. How many generals may have exclaimed with Lord Beaconsfield: "Power has come to me too late!"

Feather Beds to Break the Fall

Let us then have promotion by selection; not merely rejection of the unfit, as is the present system, but selection of the fittest for the rank of captain and upward. Officers will soon get used to the new conditions. At first most of those who are passed over will consider it a personal insult and retire, but as supersession becomes more frequent the ignominy will be removed and the best of the defeated will face the disagreeable fact, put their shoulders to the wheel, and try to catch up again, to the great advantage, be it noticed, of the service. Moreover, since we want a great many officers, we may find feather beds to break the fall of some of the unsuccessful in the militia or the volunteers or the reserves of officers. There must be room in our army system for nearly every one who is not grossly idle or grossly stupid. It is not a case of employing incompetent or worthless men, and such should, of course, be expelled from the army. It is a case of finding suitable employment for officers not fit for higher command.

Even if the competition be modified and restricted, the influence of rivalry would bring into army life a vitality and personal vigor now to some extent lacking. Men will feel that they are working for their own advantage and will receive a share in the profits of their labor, and not that they are discharging certain perfunctory duties with dignified punctiliousness. It is by this spirit of rivalry that officers will be made to "take their profession seriously," that the best and strongest will be brought to the front, and that the well-being of the State will be consequently enhanced. Whether the army likes it or not the system of selection must be enormously extended in future years, and in proportion as it is extended and vigorously applied, so the military service will become more interesting, if less comfortable, more real and earnest, if less genteel. The army will then offer a definite career to the clever and energetic, not simply a chance to the lucky.

Now we come to responsibility. What greater educating force is there in the world? Yet how little of it our young officers experience. The cavalry subaltern has a rather bigger share than the infantry officer, because in the cavalry the excellent squadron system prevails, and, especially in India, the lieutenant may often find himself in temporary command of a squadron on parade or in barracks. No increase of pay, no wigging in the orderly-room could tempt or stimulate his ardor like this. He becomes a thinking man, not a troop-leading machine. He is improved by his work. He begins growing like a living thing, not merely increasing in bulk like a stalactite. And if he is improved, the service profits, too, not only by good work done, but by good men found out, for this responsibility must be one of our great training gallops. Perhaps young men will make mistakes; that will doubtless be expensive; but when was there even a skilled workman that did not spoil materials in his apprenticeship?

The Routine of Drill and Pipeclay

In the British infantry the subaltern has very little chance; his duties are almost entirely routine. Drill and pipeclay occupy his time. Even the captain is held tight in the grip of absolute uniformity. The colonel insists on supervising every company, as well as commanding the regiment. There is a sealed pattern of everything. The cavalry falls under this ban, too, and often a squadron leader of fifteen years' service is not allowed to exercise his own judgment upon the proportions of oats and hay his horses are given. But the infantry is the worse. There is less incentive to individual exertion. The results are apparent. I remember hearing Sir Bindon Blood say two years ago that from inquiries he had been making of officers commanding rest camps in India during the trooping season, he had learned that cavalry officers give less trouble, are more adaptable and more ready with makeshifts. The native army offers in the earlier stages a much finer career than the British service. The subaltern almost immediately after joining finds himself in command of two companies or perhaps of a squadron in the cavalry. When there is a war—and war always sleeps lightly on the Indian frontier—he leads a hundred and fifty Sikhs or Gurkhas. A few casualties may give him half a battalion. I have seen a subaltern of twenty, in a native regiment, commanding

three hundred rifles, while in the British regiment of the same brigade the boy who had beaten him at Sandhurst tramped behind a half company under his captain's eye. Afterward, though some lions survive, the Indian staff corps officers get dried up by the sun; but upon the whole it may be asserted (I wonder what Lord Roberts would say on this point) that the young white officers, lieutenants and captains of the native army are more resourceful and more intelligent, better fitted to lead their men in war, than their comrades in the British Army. Yet both classes are identical at the outset. Responsibility has made the difference. How are we going to expose our officers to the influences of rivalry and responsibility? There is not much scope for competition in the routine duties which must be done by all alike. It would be difficult to give every subaltern a turn at commanding his squadron once a year. But every man has a right to compete in the race—though he should not, as at present, think he has a right to the prize. If opportunity is given to one it should be given to all; and that would be very inconvenient for the "rough material;" the privates, that is to say, who would find now one standard of discipline set up, now another; and let us remember this in dealing with the army: "The private soldier is the man who has to be considered at all costs." (For otherwise he will not enlist, and then, in a free country, where are you?) How then are we to find responsibility for our officers?

Maneuvering on Private Property

I have at length reached the principal conclusion toward which this argument has drifted. To train our officers as they should be trained, to enable them to be selected as they should be selected, you must afford them opportunities of getting off the "barrack square," and of practicing the art of war. You must arrange many maneuvers of all kinds. The brigadier commanding a district in England should be able at the best and most convenient season in the year to mobilize at his own discretion all the troops, regulars, militia and volunteers, under his charge, and should have the right to go out into the surrounding country—private property notwithstanding—and play about as he likes with his own little field force. Tact and forethought will reduce the damage and annoyance to the landowner. Fair compensation (not the ridiculous sums paid in 1898) will protect him against loss. Parliament must give its sanction and authority to the business.

Then what opportunities will be offered to all. The most promising officers in the command—regular, volunteer, militia or yeomanry—will find themselves transformed into brigade majors and staff officers of varying degrees. They will feel responsibility and have an opportunity to show what they can do. The young officers left with their units will be thrust into the command of squadrons and companies. Every one will have a chance on a bigger scale. As we have frequent little local maneuvers, so there must be greater ones, all carefully supervised, at longer intervals. And the knowledge gained at every maneuver must be used remorselessly to control the progress of mediocre men up the military ladder; to cast the bad ones down and help the good ones toward the top. It will all seem very sad and brutal in times of peace, but there will be less blood and tears when the next war comes.

The Jungle Path to Promotion

This system of frequent district maneuvers arranged by the local commanders at times most convenient to the local troops, and of periodic general maneuvers arranged by army headquarters, presided over and scrutinized by a staff of inspectors of various grades, and followed by a practice of rigorous selection and rejection when necessary, will throw open a broad highroad of advancement to merit in whatever rank and class it may exist in the service. But I do not see why there should not be side-tracks to preferment as well. At present the highroad is obstructed by a mass of slow-moving traffic and many toll bars of ancient origin, and beside it only one jungle path to success has been discovered—active service in savage wars. To serve in some field or frontier force in Egypt, West or East Africa or on the India border has been the object of every zealous officer who wished to make his way through the crowd. It is a very good path to follow; but it is not open to all. Unless an officer be lucky enough to belong to a regiment actually ordered to take part in some expedition, or find himself in a province suddenly plunged in war, he will need to have great influence to be allowed to compete. So that entry to this path is only won by the favor of chance or caprice. Moreover, the results of the test of savage warfare are often misleading. Many good men of course make their way to the front; but others are killed or perish of disease, and an enormous

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The Wooing of Tom Sleight's Wife

By Jerome K. Jerome

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"IT'S COMPETITION," replied Henri, "that makes the world go 'round. You never want a thing particularly until you see another fellow trying to get it; then it strikes you all of a sudden that you've a better right to it than he has. Take cashiers; what's the attraction about 'em? In looks they're no better than the average girl, while as for their temper, well, that's a bit above the average—leastways, so far as my experience goes. Yet the thinnest of 'em has her dozen, making sheep's-eyes at her. I've known girls that on the street couldn't have got a policeman to look at 'em. Put 'em behind a desk, and nothing is good enough for 'em. It's the competition that's the making of 'em.

"Now, I'll tell you a story," continued Henri, "that bears upon the subject. It's a pretty story if you look at it from one point of view, though my wife maintains—and she's a bit of a judge, mind you—that it's not yet finished, she arguing that there's a difference between marrying and being married. You can have a fancy for the one without caring much about the other. What I tell her is that a boy isn't a man, and a man isn't a boy. Besides, it's five years ago now, and nothing has happened since."

"I would like to hear the story," I ventured to suggest; "I'll be better able to judge afterward."

"It's not a long one," replied Henri, "though as a matter of fact it began seventeen years ago in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was a wild young fellow, and always had been."

"Who was?" I interrupted.

"Tom Sleight," answered Henri; "the chap I'm telling you about. He belonged to a good family, his father being a magistrate for Monmouthshire; but there had been no doing anything with young Tom from the very first. At fifteen he ran away from school at Clifton, and with everything belonging to him tied up in a pocket handkerchief made his way to Bristol Docks. There he shipped as boy on board an American schooner, the cap'n not pressing for any particulars, being short-handed, and the boy himself not volunteering much. Whether his folks made much of an effort to get him back, or whether they didn't, I can't tell you. Maybe they thought a little roughing it would knock some sense into him. Anyhow, the fact remains that for the next seven or eight years, until the sudden death of his father made him a country gentleman, a more or less jolly sailorman he continued to be. And it was during that period—to be exact, three years after he ran away and four years before he returned—that, as I have said, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he married, after ten days' courtship, Mary Godselle, only daughter of Jean Godselle, of that town."

—"he married, after ten days' courtship, Mary Godselle"

"That makes him just eighteen," I remarked; "somewhat young for a bridegroom."

"But older than the bride," was Henri's comment; "she being at the time a few months over sixteen."

"Was it legal?" I inquired.

"Quite legal," answered Henri. "In New Hampshire, it would seem, they encourage early marriages. 'Can't begin a good thing too soon' is, I suppose, their motto."

"How did the marriage turn out?" was my next question. The married life of a couple, the united age of whom amounted to thirty-four, promised interesting developments.

"Practically speaking," replied Henri, "it wasn't a marriage at all. It had been a secret affair from the beginning, as perhaps you can imagine. The old man had other ideas for his daughter, and wasn't the sort of father to be played with. They separated at the church door, intending to meet again in the evening. Two hours later Master Tom Sleight got knocked on the head in a street brawl. If a row was to be had anywhere within walking distance he was the sort of fellow to be in it. When he came to his senses he found himself lying in his bunk, and the Susan Pride—if that was the name of the ship: I think it was—ten miles out to sea. The captain declined to put the vessel about to please either a loving seaman or a loving seaman's wife; and to come to the point, the next time Mr. Tom Sleight saw Mrs. Tom Sleight was seven years later at the American café in the Grand Central, in Paris; and then he didn't know her."

"But what had she been doing all the time?" I queried. "Do you mean to tell me that she, a married woman, had been content to let her husband disappear without making any attempt to trace him?"

"I was making it short," retorted Henri in an injured tone, "for your benefit; if you want to have the whole of it, of course you can. He wasn't a scamp; he was just a scatter-brain—that was the worst you could say against him. He tried to communicate with her, but never got an answer. Then he wrote to the father and told him frankly the whole story. The letter came back six months later marked: 'Gone away; left no address.' You see, what had happened was this. The old man died suddenly a month or two after the marriage without ever having heard a word about it. The girl hadn't a relative or friend in the town, all her folks being French Canadians. She'd got her pride, and she'd got a sense of humor not common in a woman. I was with her at the Grand Central for over a year, and came to know her pretty well. She didn't choose to advertise the fact that her husband had run away from her, as she thought, an hour after he had married her. She knew he was a gentleman with rich relatives somewhere in England; and as the months went by without bringing word or sign of him she concluded he'd thought the matter over and was ashamed of her. You must remember she was merely a child at the time and hardly understood her position. Maybe later she would have seen the necessity of doing something. But chance, as it were, saved her the trouble; for she had not been in the café more than a month when, early one afternoon, in walked her lord and master. 'Mam'sel Marie,' as, of course, we called her over there, was at that moment busy talking to two customers while smiling at a third; and our hero, he gave a start the moment he set eyes on her."

"You told me that when he saw her there he didn't know her," I reminded Henri.

"Quite right, sir," replied Henri, "so I did; but he knew a pretty girl when he saw one anywhere at any time—he was that sort; and a prettier, daintier, saucier-looking young personage than Marie, in spite of her misfortunes, as I suppose you'd call 'em, you wouldn't have found had you searched Paris from the Place de la Bastille to the Arc de Triomphe."

"Did she," I asked, "know him, or was the forgetfulness mutual?"

"She recognized him," returned Henri, "before he entered the café, owing to catching sight of his face through the glass door while he was trying to find the handle. Women on some points have better memories than men, added to which, when you come to think of it, the game was a bit one-sided. Except that his mustache, maybe, was a little more imposing, and that he wore the clothes of a gentleman in place of those of an able-bodied seaman before the mast, he was to all intents and purposes the same as when they had parted seven years ago outside the church door; while she had changed from a child in a short muslin frock and a 'flapper,' as I believe they call it, tied up in blue ribbon, to a self-possessed young woman in a frock that might have come out of a Bond Street show window, and a Japanese coiffure, that being then the fashion.

—"a good-looking chap, a Monsieur Flammard, son of the painter"

"She finished with her French customers, not hurrying herself in the least—that wasn't her way—and then, strolling over to her husband, asked him in French if he was being waited on. His education on board the Susan Pride and others had, I take it, gone backward rather than forward. He couldn't understand her, so she translated it for him into broken English with an accent. He asked her how she knew he was English. She told him it was because Englishmen had such pretty mustaches, and kept him waiting about a quarter of an hour for his order. He filled up the time looking into the glass behind him when he thought nobody was observing him.

"Well, before he left he contrived to inform 'Mam'sel Marie' that Paris, since he had looked into her eyes, had become the only town worth living in, so far as he was concerned, throughout the whole universe. He had his failings, had Master Tom Sleight, but shyness wasn't one of them. She gave him a smile when he left that would have brought a less impressionable man than he back again to that café, but for the rest of the day I noticed 'Mam'sel Marie' frowned to herself a good deal, and was quite unusually cynical in her view of things in general.

"Next afternoon he found his way to us again, and much the same sort of thing went on, only a little more of it. A sailor-man, so I am told, makes love with his hour of departure always before his mind, and so gets into the habit of not wasting time. He gave her short lessons in English, for which she appeared to be grateful, and she, at his request, taught him the French for 'You are just charming; I love you,' with which, so he explained, it was his intention on his return to England to surprise his mother. He turned up again after dinner and the next day before lunch. After that, if I looked up and missed him at his usual table, the feeling would come to me that business was going down. Marie always appeared delighted to see him, and pouted when he left; but what puzzled me at the time was, that though she fooled him to the top of his bent she flirted every bit as much, if not more, with her other customers—leastways with the nicer ones among them. There was one young Frenchman in particular—a good-looking chap, a Monsieur Flammard, son of the painter. Up till then he'd been making love pretty steadily to Miss Marie, as, indeed, had most of 'em, without ever getting much forrarder; for hitherto a chat about the weather, and a smile that might have meant she was in love with you or might have meant she was laughing at you—no man could ever tell which—was all the most persistent had got out of her. Now, however, and evidently to his own surprise, young Monsieur Flammard found himself in clover. Provided his English rival happened to be present and not too far removed he could have as much flirtation as he wanted—which, you may take it, worked out a very tolerable amount. Master Tom could sit and scowl, and for the matter of that, did; but as Marie would explain to him, always with the sweetest of smiles, her business was to be nice to all the customers, and to this, of course, he had nothing to reply; that he couldn't understand a word of what she and Flammard talked and laughed about didn't seem to make him any the happier.

"Well, this sort of thing went on for perhaps a fortnight, and then one morning over our *déjeuner*, when she and I had the café entirely to ourselves, I took the opportunity of talking to Mam'sel Marie like a father.

"She heard me out without a murmur, which showed her sense; for, liking the girl sincerely, I didn't mince matters with her, but spoke plainly for her good. The result was she told me her story much as I have told it to you.

"'It's a funny tale,' says I, when she'd finished, 'though maybe you yourself don't see the humor of it.'

"'Yes, I do,' was her answer. 'But there's a serious side to it also,' says she, 'and that interests me more.'

"'You're sure you're not making a mistake?' I suggested.

"'He's been in my thoughts too much for me to forget him,' she replied. 'Besides, he's told me his name and all about himself.'

"'Not quite all,' says I.

"'No, and that's why I feel hard toward him,' says she.

"'Now you listen to me,' says I. 'This is a very pretty comedy, and the way you've played it does you credit up till

now. Don't you run it on too long, and turn it into a problem play.'

"'How d'ye mean?' says she.

"'A man's a man,' says I; 'anyhow he's one. He fell in love with you seven years ago when you were only a child, and now you're a woman he's fallen in love with you again. If that don't convince you of his constancy, nothing will. You stop there. Don't you try to find out any more.'

"'I mean to find out one thing,' answers she; 'whether he's a man—or a cad.'

"'That's a severe remark,' says I, 'to make about your own husband.'

"'What am I to think?' says she. 'He fooled me into loving him when, as you say, I was only a child. Do you think I haven't suffered all these years? It's the girl that cries her eyes out for her lover; we learn to take 'em for what they're worth later.'

"'But he's in love with you still,' I says. I knew what was in her mind, but I wanted to lead her away from it, if I could.

"'That's a lie,' says she, 'and you know it.' She wasn't choosing her words—she was feeling, if you understand. 'He's in love with a pretty cashier that he met for the first time a fortnight ago.'

"'That's because she reminds him of you,' I replied, 'or because you remind him of her, whichever you prefer. It shows you're the sort of woman he'll always be falling in love with.'

"She laughed at that, but the next moment she was serious again. 'A man's got to fall out of love before he falls into it again,' replies she. 'I want a man that'll stop there. Besides,' she goes on, 'a woman isn't always young and pretty: we've got to remember that. We want something else in a husband besides eyes.'

"'You seem to know a lot about it,' says I.

"'I've thought a lot about it,' says she.

"'What sort of husband do you want?' says I.

"'A man of honor,' says she.

"That was sense. One don't often find a girl her age talking it, but her life had made her older than she looked. All I could find to say was that he appeared to be an honest chap, and maybe was one.

"'Maybe,' says she; 'that's what I mean to find out. And if you'll do me a kindness,' she adds, 'you won't mind calling me Marie Luthier for the future, instead of Godselle. It was my mother's name, and I've a fancy for it.'

"Well, there I left her to work out the thing for herself, having come to the conclusion she was quite capable of doing it; and so for another couple of weeks I merely watched. There was no doubt about his being in love with her. He had entered that café at the beginning of the month with as good an opinion of himself as a man can conveniently carry without danger of tumbling down and falling over it. Before the month was out he would sit with his head between his hands, evidently wondering why he had been born. I've seen the game played before, and I've seen it played since. A waiter has plenty of opportunities if he only makes use of them, for if it comes to a matter of figures I suppose there's more love-making done in a month under the electric light of the restaurant than the moon sees in a year—leastways, so far as concerns what we call the civilized world. I've seen men fooled, from boys without hair on their faces to old men without much on their heads. I've seen it done in a way that was pretty to watch, and I've seen it done in a manner that has made me feel that, given a wig and a petticoat, I could do it better myself. But never have I seen it neater played than Marie played it on that unfortunate young man of hers. One day she would greet him for all the world like a tired child that at last has found its mother, and the next day respond to him in a style calculated to give you the idea of a small-sized empress in misfortune compelled to tolerate the familiarities of an anarchist. One moment she would throw him a pout that said as clearly as words, 'What a fool you are not to put your arms around me and kiss me;' and five minutes later chill him with a laugh that as good as told him he must be blind not to see that she was merely playing with him. What happened outside the café—for now and then she would let him meet her of a morning in the Tuileries and walk down to the café with her, and once or twice had allowed him to see her part of the way home—I cannot tell you. I take it that on such occasions his experiences were interesting; but whether they left him elated or depressed I doubt if he could have told you himself.

"But all the time Marie herself was just going from bad to worse. She had come to the café a light-hearted, sweet-tempered girl; now, when she wasn't engaged in her play-acting—for that's all it was, I could see plainly enough—she would go about her work silent and miserable-looking, or if she spoke at all it would be to say something bitter. Then one morning after a holiday she had asked for, she came to business more like her old self than I had seen her since the afternoon Master Tom Sleight had appeared upon the scene. All that day she went about smiling to herself, and young Flammard, presuming a bit too far, maybe, upon past favors, found himself smartly snubbed; it was a bit rough on him, the whole thing.

"'It's come to a head,' says I to myself; 'he has explained everything and has managed to satisfy her. He's a cleverer chap than I took him for.'

"He didn't turn up at the café that day, however, at all, and she never said a word until closing time, when she asked me to walk part of the way home with her.

"She told him it was because Englishmen had such pretty mustaches"

"'Well,' I says, so soon as we had reached a quieter street, 'is the comedy over?'

"'No,' says she; 'so far as I'm concerned it's just commenced. To tell you the truth, it's been too serious up to now to please me. I'm only just beginning to enjoy myself,' and she laughed quite her old light-hearted laugh.

"'You seem to be a bit more cheerful,' I says.

"'I'm feeling it,' says she; 'he's not as bad as I thought. We went to Versailles yesterday.'

"'Pretty place, Versailles,' says I; 'paths a bit complicated if you don't know your way among 'em.'

"'They do wind,' says she.

"'And there he told you that he loved you, and explained everything?'

"'You're quite right,' says she; 'that's just what happened. And then he kissed me for the first and last time, and now he's on his way to America.'

"'On his way to America!' says I, stopping stock-still.

"'To find his wife,' she says. 'He's pretty well ashamed of himself for not having tried to do it before. I gave him one or two points how to set about it—he's not over-smart—and I've got an idea he will discover her.' She dropped her joking manner and gave my arm a squeeze. She'd have flirted with her own grandfather; that's my opinion of her.

"'He was really nice,' she continued. 'I had to keep lecturing myself or I'd have been sorry for him. He told me it was his love for me that had shown him what a wretch he had been. He said he knew I didn't care for him two straws—and there I didn't contradict him—and that he respected me all the more for it. I can't explain to you how he worked it out, but what he meant was that I was so good myself that no one but a thoroughly good fellow could possibly have any chance with me, and that any other sort of fellow ought to be ashamed of himself for daring even to be in love with me, and that he couldn't rest until he had proved to himself that he was worthy to have loved me, and that he wasn't going to love me any more.'

"'It's a bit complicated,' says I; 'I suppose you understood it?'

"'It was perfectly plain,' says she somewhat shortly, 'and, as I told him, made me really like him for the first time.'

"'It didn't occur to him to ask you why you had been flirting like a volcano with a chap you didn't like?' says I.

"'He didn't refer to it as flirtation,' says she; 'he regarded it as kindness to a lonely man in a strange land.'

"'I think you'll be all right,' says I; 'there's all the makings of a good husband in him—seems to be simple-minded enough, anyhow.'

"'He has a very lovable personality when you once know him,' says she. 'All sailors are apt to be thoughtless.'

"'I should try and break him of it later,' says I.

"'Besides, she was a bit of a fool herself, going away and leaving no address,' adds she; and having reached her turning we said good-night to one another.

"About a month passed after that without anything happening. For the first week Marie was as merry as a kitten, but as the days went by and no sign came she grew restless and excited. Then one morning she came into the café twice as important as she had gone out the night before, and I could see by her face that her little venture was planning out successfully. She waited till we had the café to ourselves, which usually happened about midday, and then she took a letter from her pocket and showed it me. It was a nice, respectful letter, containing sentiments that would have done honor to a churchwarden. Thanks to Marie's suggestions, for which he could never be sufficiently grateful, and which proved her to be as wise as she was good and beautiful, he had traced Mrs. Sleight, *née* Mary Godselle, to Quebec. From Quebec, on the death of her uncle, she had left to take a situation as waitress in a New York hotel, and he was now on his way there to continue his search; the result he would, with Miss Marie's permission, write and inform her. If he obtained happiness he would owe it all to her; she it was who had shown him his duty; there was a good deal of it, but that's what it meant.

"A week later came another letter, dated from New York this time. Mary could not be discovered anywhere; her situation she had left just two years ago, but for what or for where nobody seemed to know. What was to be done?

"Mam'sel Marie sat down and wrote him by return of post, and wrote him somewhat sharply, in broken English. It seemed to her he must be strangely lacking in intelligence. Mary, as he knew, spoke French as well as she did English. Such girls, he might know, were sought after on the continent. Very possibly there were agencies in New York whose business it was to offer good continental engagements to such young ladies. Even she herself had heard of one such—Braithwaite, in West Twenty-Third Street, or it may be Twenty-Fourth. She signed her new name, Marie Luthier, and added a P. S. to the effect that a right-feeling husband who couldn't find his wife would have written in a tone less suggestive of resignation.

"That helped him considerably—that suggestion of Marie's about the agent, Braithwaite. A fortnight later came a third letter. Wonderful to relate, his wife was actually in Paris, of all places in the world! She had taken

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The Dwelling-House of the Twentieth Century

By Otis T. Mason

A HOUSE is a suit of clothes for a number of persons, shielding them from observation and protecting them against extremes of temperature. It affords to the biped mammal a refuge, and in its improvement and sanitation is to be found the most important cause of the wonderful lengthening of human life within the last few generations. Mortality figures seem to prove that we live at least a decade longer than did our ancestors one hundred years ago, and it is safe to predict that our descendants, one hundred years hence, will surpass ourselves in this respect—thanks in no small degree to beneficial changes in the construction and management of the dwellings they occupy.

The average white citizen of Philadelphia or Boston lives to be fifty years old; the average Indian does not survive sixteen. Think of this fact when you hear people say that the "artificial conditions of civilization have multiplied diseases," and you will realize that such a statement is pure nonsense. On the contrary, the dwelling-house—most important of all things that go to make up a civilization—is, in its highest development, a disease-proof fortress and a conserver of life. No feature of nineteenth-century progress has been more striking than the improvement accomplished in domestic architecture and in the internal arrangements of houses; yet even now the human domicile is far from having completed the process of evolution which began ages ago with the savage shelter of boughs, and it is probable that we should be greatly surprised if, by setting the clock ahead, we were able to step to-day into a typical residence—the dwelling, that is to say, of a man of moderate means—of the year 1950.

To begin with, let us survey this twentieth-century house from the outside, in front. It is a modest yet dignified structure bearing no likeness to other residences in the same block. Indeed—if one may judge from a multitude of examples afforded by neighboring streets—the mid-century is an epoch of individualism in domestic architecture. Dwellings are no longer put up in solid blocks, all exactly alike outside and inside—a style most popular in the latter part of the nineteenth century—and the party-wall is rarely used. Each house stands alone, mainly because, in the year 1950, people have come to realize that the lumping together of buildings renders them less attractive to the eye and deprives them in large degree of their power to express the individuality of their owners.

The abolishment of stairs has been made practicable by the introduction of a pair of small elevators, which, being perfectly automatic, require no attendant

Stairs Replaced by Automatic Elevators

Suppose that we enter the dwelling with a view to ascertaining what novelties, structural and in respect to equipment, it has to exhibit. The abolishment of stairs has been made practicable by the introduction of a pair of small elevators, which, being perfectly automatic, require no attendant. They are run by electricity, noiselessly, and any one who wishes to ascend or descend has only to call one of the cars by touching a push-button. Thus summoned, it glides swiftly to the floor where it is wanted; the passenger gets aboard, and a touch applied to a numbered button inside causes it to pause at the story desired. Then the occupant steps out, and the vehicle is at the disposal of the next person who may need its services. Such elevators, indeed, were in use in a few rich men's houses so long ago as the end of the nineteenth century, and their general introduction at a later period in place of staircases is attributable chiefly to the cheapening of electricity.

Fifty years ago it was not realized that all the electricity required for the largest city could easily be obtained from the water-power of the river flowing by. To-day (A. D. 1950) it all seems so obvious that we marvel how the problem could have escaped solution by our intelligent ancestors. They failed to see the way out, however, whereas we, having produced electrical power in this manner at a small fraction of its former cost, distribute it underground everywhere, so that it furnishes all the light, heat and power needed for a great population. Every dwelling-house of moderate pretentions nowadays is filled with a network of copper wires, concealed by mouldings and decorations, which carry a current for illuminating the establishment, warming it, and running the domestic machinery.

The luxury of a perfectly warmed house, kept always at exactly the proper temperature, was unknown to the people of fifty years ago. In 1900 a dwelling, in winter, was either too hot or too cold most of the time, and to maintain the air of a single room at the correct degree of Fahrenheit for more than a few minutes together was almost out of the question. How uncomfortable it must have been, and how strange it seems from our viewpoint of the present day, when we have only to set the automatic governor of the heating apparatus at seventy-two degrees, let us say, and the temperature of the whole establishment is maintained at that point for months together. If the weather grows colder more electricity will flow in, and this in a proportion so nicely regulated that the thermometer within does not rise or fall by so much as a quarter of a degree. Supposing it to be desired, one room may be kept at a different temperature from another—the bed-chambers cooler than the drawing-rooms, for example.

Houses Cooled by Liquid Air

In 1900 no means were known for cooling the air of houses save by fans, and in hot weather the healthy languished, while the sick and feeble died. How differently things are managed in this mid-century epoch, when a residence without cooling apparatus for use in summer would be considered as incomplete as if it lacked heating arrangements for winter, the one being as much a matter of course as the other. In the twentieth-century mansion we find liquid air employed for this purpose, and here again the mechanism is perfectly automatic, the outflow of the substance being so controlled by a governor that the temperature is kept always at the same point. The receptacles containing the liquid air are hidden in the ceilings of the rooms, the fluid descending as it is liberated.

The dwelling of the twentieth century is lighted, of course, by electricity, but the light-bulbs are not exposed to view, as was formerly the case, and thus a great improvement has been made. Obviously, it is much better to conceal the sources of illumination, avoiding dazzle, and to diffuse the light by the help of reflecting surfaces, so that a warm and cheerful glow is distributed, rather than to have one part of a room extremely bright and the rest in relative darkness. More important, however, is the contrivance by which the light, under control of an automatic governor, turns itself on in exactly the degree that may be needed to keep the apartment at the requisite point of illumination. The fading of the daylight turns on the electricity, and vice versa. Indeed, one may fix the lighting of a house for a year ahead.

Damp House Cellars a Thing of the Past

Five elements go to make up a dwelling, no matter how gorgeous and elaborate the establishment may be, or how humble. They are, first, the cooking-place; second, the eating-place; third, the sleeping-place; fourth, the place for chatting and amusement; fifth, the storage-place. A Vanderbilt palace or an Eskimo hut is equally divisible into these parts, and we find them all, of course, in the house of the twentieth century. As for storage, one finds no cellar beneath the mansion of 1950, this subterranean room having been done away with for sanitary and other reasons. Electricity having rendered a stock of fuel unnecessary, and no furnace or other heating apparatus being required underground, the *raison d'être* of the cellar has vanished. The fashion of keeping food supplies in the family pit went out long ago, and now the housewife buys her groceries in insect-proof packages, putting them away on shelves, while her provisions go into a cold-storage compartment chilled by liquid air.

The twentieth-century house, instead of being sunk in the ground, is uplifted above it, and in this way a number of advantages are gained. To begin with, it is insulated by this means to a considerable extent, both electrically and as to temperature, so that there is less difficulty in regulating the heating, cooling and lighting of the mansion. Secondly, ventilation is assisted by a clear sweep of air beneath the dwelling; and, thirdly, the arrangement helps to make the establishment rat-proof and bug-proof. No properly constructed residence in 1950 is infested by roaches and mice, as all houses were to a greater or less extent fifty years ago—that is, in 1900.

How people managed to endure such vermin is beyond imagining, but the fact seems to be that they regarded the nuisance as unavoidable. While nominally keeping cats to destroy mice, they did in reality, had they but known it, keep the mice for the benefit of the cats.

Nothing in this wonderful dwelling, for the sake of visiting which we have jumped to the year 1950, is more remarkable than the cooking-place. It is different from the nineteenth-century kitchen in nearly every respect, the most striking point about it being its absolute cleanliness. In 1900 the kitchen was necessarily the dirty part of a house, owing chiefly to coal that blackened everything, ashes that made things untidy, and smoke that coated walls and ceiling. To-day, in the culinary department of the twentieth-century mansion, there is no smoke, no coal, no ashes, no smell, and no fire to inflame the face and the temper of the cook. No time is lost in kindling fires, and there is no waste of fuel in starting them and in keeping them up when they are not wanted. When a meal is to be prepared the current is turned on by a twist of a button, and immediately the electric range is ready for service. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the sadirons employed for ironing in the laundry are made hot simply by attaching them to a wire, and, being kept at a constant temperature by the electric current, they never scorch the clothes. Then, too, they are always clean and bright. In a corner a little motor attends to the business of beating eggs.

One does not find in 1950 that ingenious automata have taken the place of domestic servants, as some imaginative persons long ago suggested might happen, and it seems unlikely that a machine will ever wait on the table satisfactorily. It is not apparent that many changes have been accomplished during the first half of the twentieth century in the eating department of the house; but, thanks to the new and perfect cleanliness of the kitchen, the latter has been brought into closer relations with the mid-century dining-room, and thus has come about an odd sort of reversion to primitive habits. Of this perhaps the first suggestion was given by the introduction of the chafing-dish into the dining-room—an instrument resembling in its mode of use the pot from which the appetite of the savage is gratified direct. However, it is not implied that the utensil in question is less satisfactory on this account, and nowadays we have the electric chafing-dish, which is attachable to a wire at a moment's notice by a plug-switch. Electricity has been substituted for the alcohol lamp in making tea, and dishes on the table are kept hot by a current conveyed through the cloth from copper plates beneath.

Not a battery is to be found in the twentieth-century dwelling here described. The electricity used in the establishment comes in a single current through a heavy wire from a distributing station, and on the premises is split up as required for heating, for lighting, for cooking, for running the elevators, and so on. The dumbwaiter runs by electricity, as well as the housewife's sewing machine, and the same fluid both runs and regulates all the clocks in the house. It works the automatic piano, and might be made to agitate the baby's cradle, only that people in 1950 have learned to know that infants are apt to be rendered stupid, or even idiotic, by rocking them. If the daughter of the house wants to crimp her hair, she fastens her curling-iron with a little plug to a convenient wire, and enjoys a certainty that the instrument will not scorch her curls.

Twentieth-Century Furniture

It is a marvelous convenience, the running of all the business of a dwelling by an invisible fluid furnished from without and convertible into power, light or heat as desired. The Genie summoned by Aladdin was less strong and far less clever; besides, he did only odd jobs, and took no contract by the year. Electricity has the obvious advantage of coolness when used for lights in summer, but of much more importance is the safety of its employment with reference to fires. In 1950 houses are rarely burned—not only on this account, but also because

the furniture is of fireproof wood, and the floors, doors and wainscoting are fireproof likewise. Here, indeed, is one of the most notable improvements accomplished in the architecture of the twentieth century. In the nineteenth century people did not build their residences of unbaked mud, because they knew that, if so constructed, they would tumble down; but they did not hesitate to compose them of lively combustibles, ignoring the fact that they were likely to burn up.

The household furniture of 1950 is slighter than that of fifty years ago, though much more metal is utilized in its construction. In fact, during the last hundred years the idea has steadily gained ground that a dwelling should first afford space for its inmates, and that the furnishing should be considered as of subordinate importance. How queer the ancient four-post bedsteads, massive wardrobes and chests of drawers look nowadays! It must have been very uncomfortable to live with them. To-day we make our chairs, tables, beds and bureaus as light in weight as possible, consistently with strength, so that they may be easily moved, and they are not allowed to take up more room than is necessary. Of domestic appliances and conveniences there are many, of course, which were unknown in 1900. To attempt a catalogue of them is scarce worth while, but mention suggests itself of the photographs in natural colors which, since the discovery of the simple secret of that long-sought art, have lent at small expense such beauty to the walls of houses.

People must rise to a certain degree in the scale of civilization before they are able to grasp the idea of property in land—a conception not entertained by the primitive savage. Later comes the notion of property in water, illustrated by the holding of irrigation rights. With both of these forms of property our ancestors were familiar as far back as 1900, but it had never occurred to them that there could be such a thing as a property right in air, though there was a germ of its recognition in their laws for the abatement of nuisances. They said that ownership in a square foot of land extended downward to the centre of the earth; nowadays we say that it extends upward into space for an indefinite distance. In the twentieth century we regard smoke or waste air turned out above our premises as an infringement and a cause of action for trespass.

In the study of a house one must consider the street in front, which is to the dwelling what the river is to the city—a carrier of the traffic upon which it depends. The anthropologist tells us that the primitive street is a trail made by the tramp of human feet and widened to a path. Houses are set up along it, and it becomes a village thoroughfare. The rest is easy; but one must realize that the street of 1950 is very different from the street of the nineteenth century. There is now no dust, mainly because there are no horses in the towns. Other modes of transportation vastly superior and safer have replaced vehicles drawn by horses, and with the departure of those banished animals many evils have disappeared. For example, there are no longer many houseflies, which breed almost exclusively in street filth, and certain infectious diseases long suspected of propagation by those insects are much less common than formerly.

Bricks and Wall-Papers Out of Date

No wall-papers are used in the typical dwelling of the twentieth century here described. In fact, they have ceased to be employed in the houses of the well-to-do, largely because they assist the accumulation of dirt and disease-germs. Sensible people in 1950 prefer walls that may be scrubbed and kept clean, and it is not considered that the handsomest papers are comparable in a decorative sense to modern art-frescoing and other methods of treatment now practiced. The substitution of artificial for natural wood in floors has been a very notable improvement, the counterfeit having all the smoothness and elasticity of real wood. It has the advantage of being fireproof, and, having no cracks, does not afford hiding-places for dust and insects. There is no respect in which the twentieth-century mansion has improved upon the nineteenth-century house more markedly than in cleanliness. It has come to be realized that cleanliness is not only a source of satisfaction in itself, but the best possible defense against the physical ills which threaten the human body.

In 1950 nearly all dwellings, save those of the very poor, are built of artifical stone, which is preferred to the natural because it is better for the purpose, as well as cheaper. Brick, which is a species of artificial stone, has gone out of employment almost entirely. The experts who first made a scientific study of this subject found that there were certain specific properties which a building-stone, whether imitation or natural, ought to possess. For one thing, it ought to be porous, so as to afford a dead-air space to serve as a non-conductor. They declared that an ideal material of this kind was furnished by the tertiary lava from beneath which the famous Calaveras skull is said to have been dug out, and it is a fact that the best artificial stone utilized for building in 1950 closely resembles the volcanic tufa referred to. Being silicious, it is extremely durable—an essential point, of course.

The invention of artificial stone is one of enormous importance, inasmuch as over a large part of this country there is no rock suitable for building. This is true, for example, of all the eastern edge of the United States, from Northern New Jersey to Florida, and it applies likewise to the Gulf States and to the Mississippi Valley as far north as Cairo, Illinois. In the Cotton Belt of the South there is not even stuff for tombstones. Happily, however, Nature has provided plenty of material that is convertible into stone—a supply so vast, indeed, that we may build all of our cities out of it for centuries to come without diminishing it perceptibly. We dissolve flint to get silica, and combine the latter with soda in a liquid which we pour over sand, cementing the particles together. Such mixtures of silica are the great cements employed in Nature. In fact, it may be said that the processes used in the manufacture of artificial stones are the same as those followed by Nature herself. So far back as 1900 imitation sandstone was produced in immense quantities, while artificial marble was even then made by subjecting ordinary chalk first to a bath of mineral oxide to give it color, and then to the action of a silicate solution, the result being a substance indistinguishable from real marble and capable of an exquisite polish. The advantages which this ability to duplicate on the spot the processes of Nature confers are so much a matter of our daily life that we rarely stop to reckon them, or value their importance.

A judicious person, writing in 1900, must hesitate to attempt any serious prediction as to modifications in the building and equipment of dwellings which will be accomplished by the middle of the next century. There are ventured here only a few guesses as to what changes may come to pass. It will remain for a future generation to discover how far these surmises are accurate, though, of course, a good many people who have already arrived at adult age will survive long enough to live in and enjoy the luxuries and the improvements of the houses of A. D. 1950.

A Spendthrift
By Carolyn Wells

THE year was departing—the very last day
Of the month of December was passing away—
When old Mother Earth, with a slight quake of fear,
Said: "Father Time, please, could you spare me a year?"
"Zounds, Madam!" cried Time; "another year? No!
Where's the one that I gave you a twelvemonth ago?"
"I spent it," replied Mother Earth, looking down;
"You did?" thundered Time with a menacing frown;
"Then give an account; if wisely 'twas spent,
And none of it wasted, perhaps I'll relent."

"I spent it as usual," confessed Mother Earth,
"In the pursuit of happiness, pleasure and mirth."
"What have you to show for it?" Father Time said.
"Alas, I have nothing;" and Earth hung her head;
"But if you will give me a new year to-night,
I'll make earnest resolves to spend it aright."
Time reached for his wallet and took out a year,
Saying: "Those resolutions are worn out, I fear;
But it's growing quite late, so take this, and run;"
And he gave Mother Earth 1901.

WHY HE LOVED HER

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By Maarten Maartens

"And I love you — because I love you," he said

"YES," said Hans Golding to his companion in the "trek schuyt," "I love her for her father's sake." He puffed once or twice at his cigar with an air of great decision, and his eyes rested thoughtfully on the passing landscape.

The skipper of the barge made no reply. Hans Golding was his only passenger on this dull September evening, and so the skipper felt aggrieved. Besides, this stranger was a townsman from a distance, and the skipper was wary of what he called "foreigners," especially when these foreigners laid claim to an older acquaintance than his with a corner of the skipper's small world.

The boat crept onward through the falling shadows. Very slowly the water oozed around its ample bosom; very slowly the prim-cut trees slipped past along the straight line of dull canal. The sky sank leaden, like a coverlet of coming sleep. One or two ducks floated silently, too lazy to quack.

"Yes," began Hans Golding, "it was eighteen years ago, as I was telling you. Well, you don't remember me, and no wonder, seeing you wasn't here. My mother, she used to sell brooms along the highways—that was what my mother did—she was what you'd call a tramp. Oh, I'm not proud; I don't mind telling. I've got on in the world, I have. Try a cigar?"

"Thank ye kindly," said the skipper; "you'll excuse my not smoking it at once?"

He shifted the plug of tobacco he was chewing, while he stowed away the precious present in a pocket of his brown woolen jersey.

"She'd been ill for a long time before she died," continued the stranger, "but die she did, all of a sudden, one night in Baas Bultman's shed, on just such a still, dull evening as this; and she wasn't a bad mother, either. No, she was a good mother, say I, as mothers go nowadays."

He looked up at the skipper for confirmation, and the skipper nodded grave assent.

"They'd have thrown me on to the parish but for Baas Bultman. I should never have come to nothing then. No, I should never have come to nothing. Did you ever know any one thrown on the parish as came to any good?"

The skipper took so long delving into all his memories of so vast a subject that his passenger lost patience.

"Well, I never did. Nor did any one I ever heard on," said Golding in the tone a man assumes when he starts on his favorite theory. "Baas Bultman comes in to me, where I sat crying by the body—I was only seven, you see, and hungry to boot—and, 'My lad,' says he, 'you shall stay with me. But you'll have to work hard,' he says."

"Didn't he say d——d hard?" asked the skipper earnestly.

"Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't; but when I tells the story I always tells it without."

"Well," said the skipper, "it don't sound natural for a man to talk about hard work without d——g it. Howsoever, Ben Bultman was always pious, and I can't say as I've ever heard him swear much."

"Pious he is," affirmed Golding, "for he saved me from the workhouse, and if that ain't piety, show me what is!"

He held his cigar aloft interrogatively at the skipper. But the skipper was not prepared to show what piety was.

"I lived with him," continued Hans triumphantly, "and he brought me up. I won't say as it wasn't hard—but he looked after me. And when I was fourteen, and he saw that I wasn't the sort for the farm work, he 'prenticed me to a carpenter at Overstad, and——"

"Said he was glad to be rid of you," suddenly interrupted the skipper.

"Did he say that?" inquired Hans anxiously.

"So I've always heard," replied the skipper, a little ashamed as he fingered the cigar against his breast.

"Well, I dare say he was right. Howsoever, I've made my way. I've the smartest little shop in my part of the country. I settled over yonder, in the north, you know, at a small place called Dorkum—and look at me now!" He spread himself out in his dark check suit, and the dim evening light caught the glint of his watch-chain.

"You've been luckier than Bultman has," said the skipper, reflectively watching two pigs by the waterside.

The carpenter gave vent to an exclamation of regret. "When they told me," he said, "at our place the other day—'twas at market—that Baas Bultman was bankrupt, I said: 'Tis a lie! 'Tis a lie,' I said: I was that sure. And when Joris Piets, as is my own neighbor and church clerk, told me as the thing was true, for he'd heard it from his sister's daughter, that lives in these parts, why you might have knocked me down with a broken reed, you might. I knew that Joris Piets wouldn't willingly tell a lie, and I said, 'I'll find out for myself,' I said, and as soon as I could I took the railway, this blessed morning, and come straight away!"

"How long did you do over it?" asked the skipper, naturally interested in distances.

"And now you tell me it's true," continued the carpenter, unheeding.

"Ay, it's true enough; he's going to be sold up next week."

"To think of it!" cried Hans, studying the handle of his tidy umbrella.

"They do say that he speculated," remarked the skipper, his eyes on more pigs, farther down.

"Sold up!" repeated Hans. "And what'll become of his daughter?"

"Dina's to go into service; that's sure and certain," replied the skipper, glad in his own dull way to be the purveyor of such important news.

Hans Golding sat chewing his cigar in silence. At last he said, "Who'd 'a' thought it?" which remark struck him as so exceedingly apposite that he made it over again.

"It's what you never think that always happens," said the philosophic skipper.

The carpenter slapped down his right hand on his knee. "I've always loved that child for her father's sake," he said; "she was a quiet little feeble thing, not much to look at, that timid and startled, afraid of a dead mouse. She never took much notice of me, going about in her own half-frightened way. Do you know, I used to think she looked down on me all the same, a charity boy, as you might say." He stared at the skipper, but the skipper saw no reason to commit himself.

"Well, it wouldn't 'a' been unnatural," reasoned Hans; "I've often thought it out. She'd pass by me, that proud as you might say, and not give me a look. Some people say it was shyness, but it isn't natural her being shy with a charity boy like me." He nodded his head. "She was a little lady, she was," he said.

"She'll have to climb down," remarked the skipper, who did not approve of these sentiments.

"I *ask* you," continued Hans, rising with outstretched hands, "is that sort of frightened little, nervous, haughty creature the sort that you'd send into service? No!"

"P'r'aps not," said the skipper with a grin.

"P'r'aps not! I tell you, no! Can you see her in a big, loud kitchen with a lot o' servants? No! Can you see her in a crowded drawing-room a-answering the bell? No! Can you see her listening in the hall to the talk of a young footman as is pinching her around the waist? No!"

"You needn't shout so," replied the skipper; "I don't want to see her in none o' them places."

The carpenter struck his umbrella on the deck and sat down again, looking wise.

"She ain't a beauty," continued the skipper; "leastways, not what we call a beauty in these parts. She's too thin and pale, and what people in the town call 'delicate,' with them big eyes of hers. She won't find a husband here."

The carpenter nodded his head vigorously.

"That's what I said to myself," he remarked.

"A husband!" repeated the skipper. "No, bless your soul! And she with a bankrupt father!"

"I'm glad you've give me all the facts," said the carpenter. "You never hear 'em right at a distance, at least not so as to make sure. And it's five years since I came near this place."

"Then why did you come now?" queried the skipper.

"I thought I'd like to look up the old man in his trouble."

"My, you are a rum un!" said the skipper. "Well, Ben Bultman may be glad of the only good action as I can hear he did in his life. Oh, he's a pious man, I know, but that *hard!* I never heard as he gave away a half-penny to a beggar. But there! some men are good-natured all their lives, and never meet with naught but ingratitude," said the skipper ruefully. "Well, gratitude ain't much good, that's a comfort." And the skipper pushed his fur cap aside to scratch his head.

"No," said the skipper, "what Ben Bultman wants, and won't get, is *cash!*"

"I can't give him cash," replied the carpenter glumly. "It's all true what you say. I've thought it all out afore I come." He got up and stretched his legs. "There's the house! My, how the pear trees have grown. Let me out. I'm going up straight."

"Going up straight, are you?" echoed the skipper. "My, you are a rum un! Well, good luck to you! Good-night!"

Hans Golding strolled thoughtfully along the bit of path that led up to the long, white farmhouse. First he whistled a popular street song to hide his embarrassment; presently he dropped into a very slow, low psalm tune, just enough to keep up his courage. He stood still, at a little distance from the house, and his murmured whistle sounded like a sad and solemn dirge. There it lay before him, the small group of long, familiar buildings, nestling in a clump of beech and poplar—the beeches were losing color, the poplars trembled slightly in the heavy air. And over the shiny walls of homestead and outhouses the lengthening shadows fell. He shivered, for he suddenly thought that the wind was cold. Thus, as it now lay before him, he had never beheld the old place during all the years of his town life. He had often seen it, especially of winter nights, as it shone in the prosperous splendor of a sunny summer day.

Ben Bultman came out of the barn, and turned to look at the stranger.

"Why, it's you!" he said. Not another word of greeting.

"Yes, it's me, Baas," answered Hans.

"Well, and what have you come for? I can't say we want you here."

To this apostrophe Hans in vain sought a fit reply.

"You've got better friends in the village; go on to them!"

"No, I haven't!" said Hans. He said it with such a burst that he coughed to hide his confusion.

"Well, you are a rum un!"

"Well, I can't stand dawdling here. They haven't left me a hand to help me. I've got to look after the cows myself."

"I'll help you," cried Hans, pulling off his Sunday coat.

"You!" said the old man with undisguised contempt. "You never were much of a hand at farm work. More of a hindrance than a help."

"Well, I'll do my best," said Golding, following his old master into the shed.

"It don't matter much, anyhow," remarked Bultman, busy with the fodder; "the whole thing's to be sold up next week."

"'Tis hard lines," replied Hans, up to his elbows in hay.

"No, it ain't hard lines!" cried the farmer, "for isn't it all my fault? Why don't you say it's all my fault?"

"How do I know whose fault it is?" said Hans Golding.

"They all say it's mine, if they know or not," replied Bultman.

"Well, I shouldn't have said it, even if I'd known. It isn't a pleasing thing to say to any man, Baas, and it wouldn't be my place to say it, anyhow."

Ben Bultman stopped for a moment, his arms full of hay, and stared at his former farm boy.

"Well, you are a rum un!" he said, "but it was not my fault, though that don't make it no easier. I've been hanging on by the teeth for years."

They worked on in silence until everything was ready for the night.

"Well," said Hans, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, "it comes natural like to be doing this sort of thing again."

"No, it never came natural to you," replied the old man, not ungraciously. "You was town-bred, and you never took to farming. You're no better nor no worse at it—than ten years ago, when you left it. A good thing for you, Hans, that you went to the town; you've made your way. Others have got to begin theirs that are too old at the start to go far."

"I wish I could help you," said Hans timidly.

"Nobody asked you," came the gruff reply.

"Baas, may I say something? I haven't got any money, as you know, or I'd gladly give it to you."

"You haven't got any to give, so you may say it," responded Bultman.

"But everything that I am I owe to you," continued Golding, standing, with his coat still off, in the gathering twilight of the shed.

"Well?" said Bultman.

"It was in this very shed that my mother died," spake the other, dropping his voice, "at just such a twilight hour as this. It was here you found me and took me to live with you. And if I can honestly earn my bread this day, I owe it to you, Baas."

"Get away," said Bultman.

"Baas, is it true that Dina is going out to service?"

"It's no business of yours," said Bultman.

"P'r'aps not. But, Baas, she ain't fit to go."

"Confound you," said Bultman.

Hans Golding waited. "I," he stuttered at last, "I—look here, Baas, I've always loved you for what you did for me, and she's your daughter. I should never have thought of such a thing, of course, but, if you was thinking an honest home for her—as they say you're off by yourself to work for your bread in foreign parts—you know what I've got; I could support her decent—and it might be better than service for such as she."

Baas Bultman stood facing his visitor in silence.

"I—I beg your pardon," gasped the other, very red and miserable. "I know that it's a great presumption on my part. But I couldn't bear to think of you fretting your heart out with your daughter in service here."

"My what?" cried Bultman. "You idiot! Nobody has ever talked to me for twenty years of my heart!" Then he added in a matter-of-fact tone: "I never knew you wanted to marry my daughter."

"I never did," replied Hans.

"Humph. Well, let us talk business. You think that you owe me a debt, and so you want to pay it. Have I understood you aright?"

"Yes, I owe you a debt," answered Hans.

"Well, make your mind easy; you don't."

"But you——"

"Hist! You are a fool, Hans. Do you think a man like me does a kind action for nothing? You owe me nothing; go home and be content. Marry the girl you told us about when you were here five years ago."

"I don't want to marry her," said Hans.

"Did you love Dina ten years ago—five years ago?"

"No," replied Hans, "I shouldn't have presumed——"

"Tut, tut, love presumes. I know that it did in my day. And do you think I'd let you marry my daughter out o' gratitude to me? I don't want gratitude, you fool; I've no right to it, I tell you—listen well!"

"What is it?" said Hans.

"When I took you, it wasn't for any desire of mine. I swore that I wouldn't touch you, a workhouse brat! If it had been left to *me* you'd not have spent a night in my house. You'd be a charity boy to-day."

"Is that true?" stammered Hans.

"True as gospel truth."

"A charity boy to-day," gasped Hans. "I should have come to nothing. A charity boy to-day!" Then his face cleared. "But what made you take me?" he said.

"A—a relative of mine," answered Bultman promptly. "She came to me and offered to pay for you. 'He's a charity child,' she says; 'God has sent him,' she says. She called me a wicked man—I didn't care for that—every one has always called me a hard one. So I am. But she offered to pay for you; that was different, and I took you. Pay for you? I made you work."

"Pay for me?" repeated Hans stupidly. "Yes, you made me work." But again a bright thought struck him. "It was you that 'prenticed me to the carpenter?" he cried.

"Not I. She paid every penny; she had to do it. I should have kept you at the farm. 'He can't do the work,' says my relation. 'He must,' says I. 'I'll pay for him to learn a trade,' says she. 'More fool you,' says I. And she did."

Hans Golding heaved an immense sigh and stood silent.

"So you see you owe me nothing. I got plenty of work out of you while it lasted, my lad."

"But—this relation?" exclaimed Hans.

"Do you want to marry her?" responded the other with a laugh.

"No; but I would like to thank her," answered Hans.

"You can't," replied Bultman shortly. "Go home in peace, you zany, and marry the girl you want to marry. Marry a girl for her own sake, not her father's, and leave me and my daughter in peace."

"Father, aren't you coming?" said a voice behind him. Dina stood in the door with a lamp. The light shone on her delicate features and light-brown eyes. Truly she would never have done for a farmer's wife, thought Golding. They all went across to the farmhouse, and soon sat down to the evening meal. It was a silent repast. Dina spoke once or twice of old friends, of old times, of the city; but the cloud of a great sadness hung over them all.

Toward the end the farmer went out of the kitchen and Hans and Dina remained together. She began to speak at once of the great trouble, of her grief for her father, soon to fare out into the wide world alone.

"And you?"

"I don't mind," she answered quickly.

"Don't mind? Oh, Dina! Don't mind going out to service? You're not fit for it."

She looked at him, trying to say something, but her eyes filled with tears; she broke down and fled.

"Baas," said Hans, when the old man came back a moment later, "I've been thinking it all over during supper, and I find I was mistaken—I'm sorry, very sorry you didn't—I mean I'm sorry I don't know who did—and—but, it needn't make any difference about Dina—if you'd let me ask her—if you don't think I'm presuming—I could support her easy—I—I wish you'd let me ask her—just ask her—to marry me, anyhow."

"You owe me nothing," grumbled Bultman; "I never had any money to spare."

"Please, I should like to marry her all the same."

"Then you love her, do you?"

"Yes, I love her."

"And why, pray?"

"I don't care a ——!" answered Hans, who had never been known to swear.

At that moment Dina came in with two glasses.

"Well," said old Bultman grimly, "don't you want to thank the person who insisted on my keeping you, and who paid for your apprenticeship out of her own money in the bank?"

Dina dropped both glasses.

"Oh, father, have you told him?"

"Yes," replied the father, "and he insists on marrying you out of gratitude."

"Gratitude be hanged!" said Hans. And he got up and ran around the table to snatch her hand. "I want to marry you because I love you. And I love you—because I love you," he said.

English Political Salons

MANY English women have for the last fifty years taken a keen interest in politics, and there have been some who, though belonging only to the minor officials of a party, were interesting as women, and deeply engaged in the excitement of party warfare. Mrs. Norton (one of the beautiful and gifted Misses Sheridan) contrived to collect around her most of the distinguished men of her time. Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Sidney Herbert, Disraeli, Hayward and Sir Edward Bulwer were among her *habitués*. Lady Molesworth, the widow of Sir William Molesworth, a clever woman of no birth or position of her own, made her house the debatable ground on which the Whig leaders and their Tory opponents could meet.

The Home Rule question destroyed political society in England more completely than any other, for by the secession of the Liberal Unionists it took from the Whigs their able men, their traditional leaders, the wealth, the power and the ability of the party. Even the power of Mr. Gladstone was swept away before the great awakening to the knowledge that the Empire was in real and terrible danger.

Society Women in Business

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

II

APART from the professional occupations of the higher grade, to which many feel themselves to be called and few find themselves to be chosen, women forced by necessity into wage-earning have lately developed a wide variety of minor industries. To cite some of these, by which thousands of brave and patient workers are to-day attaining independence of purse, may prove of interest.

There are, in New York, several firms of dressmakers, milliners and children's outfitters bearing names well known in the higher walks of metropolitan society. These ladies all employ skilled labor, personally direct the fittings and applications of their costumes, and pride themselves upon carrying on their business in the usual way. Some of them are known to have achieved more than the average success.

A restaurant tea-room, started in Fifth Avenue a few years ago by ladies of society as a business venture, did not, for some reason, fare so well as similar enterprises have done in London. Perhaps because we are not yet a tea-drinking nation like the English, who, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, look around them for this mild refreshment as naturally as a fowl looks upward between sips of water.

A firm of house-decorators, another that undertakes to supply mahogany furniture and curios of so-called Colonial date, and one of florists, who agree to keep the house plants of their customers in good condition, and to see that their vases are kept filled with fresh flowers, have all done well.

Overhauling Houses for the Winter

A homely but timely enterprise is that of the lady who, for a stipulated sum, goes into the town house of her employer before the family's return to town in the autumn, takes a staff of women who clean it from end to end; sees that carpets are relaid, curtains laundered and rehung, repairs in furniture made, and coal and wood laid in for the winter, sees to the plumbing, and has the kitchen range overhauled, and even lays paper in the drawers and fresh toilet covers in the bedrooms! The same good genius may be called upon to receive the same house from its mistress' hand when it is ready to be shut up and put into eclipse for a summer holiday, a trip abroad, or any one of those numerous side issues out of household care which women of fashion find it convenient to make to Aiken, Lakewood, Florida, Egypt or the South of France.

Of kin to this First Aid to the Suffering Rich business is the one instituted by a Visiting Housekeeper. Punctually at the hour when the woman whose price is far above rubies to her husband is wont to repair to her kitchen, or have the cook wait on her order-book and daily menus, the Visiting Housekeeper appears in the stead of the mistress of the house. Upon her devoted head break the waves of information about supplies being out, and difficulties with the underservants. When she has gained the necessary data as to what is needed for the day, she repairs to butcher, fishman and grocer, makes her selections, delivers her orders, and no doubt pockets her commission from the tradespeople, as well as her monthly stipend from her employer. A young girl who at first tearfully declared herself unfit to do

anything for which people could be called upon to pay money, built up a clientèle of families who were glad to have her come in at stated intervals to dust and clean their valued bric-à-brac; which brings to mind a maid-servant once employed in this service, in the household of a late distinguished editor, who was also an owner as well as a connoisseur of ceramics of the costliest and rarest description. "Oh! m'am," she said to a subsequent employer, "whenever I went into that room where the chiney was, of a mornin', I just dropped on my knees and prayed the Virgin to keep my hand steady."

The raising of violets for sale to regular customers, and also to supply certain florists, has long been a favorite resource of women who have the "touch" with flowers, and the patience, both of which are imperatively needed in bringing this industry to a paying basis. Bee-keeping is another industry of the Arcadian sort, often recommended to ladies who wish to set up in business for themselves. Any housekeeper should welcome security from the modern atrocity of celluloid honeycomb and glucose honey which we are told is now commonly palmed off in lieu of the original diet of Hymettus. Of one of these young women, who set before a city exquisite visiting her suburban home a dish of honey from her own hives, was asked in return: "Pray, do you keep a bee?"

The Raising of Mushrooms or Chickens

Mushroom beds have absorbed the energies of several women residing out of town, with satisfactory results in yearly income. Chicken-raising among the aristocratic poor has been pursued with profit and satisfaction, though not on so large a scale as to rob the farmers' wives of all their traditional pin-money. The presence at our breakfast tables of eggs delicately marked with a family crest, together with a certificate of freshness, is, as yet, in the imagination of the wit who conceived it. The fame of the duck farms of Long Island, controlled by clever German women who make an income by supplying the New York market, has inspired more than one "lady of quality" to imitate their methods. But all of these ventures into competition with established business require some capital, more patience, and a great deal of mother-wit in practical affairs.

The published chapters of the Societies of Decorative Art and the Woman's Exchanges throughout our country might enumerate—I cannot—the gentlewomen who have earned support by fine needlework, embroidery and the fabrication of ornamental articles for the house, during the last twenty years. An estimate made some few years ago reported upward of three thousand women as making a fair living by these means in New York alone. Some of the ladies who at first used to send their work in to the societies and exchanges, blushing at the idea of being found out, now display their handicraft in shops presided over by themselves. These little bazarlike emporiums for the sale of "everything that pretty bin" to witch money from women's pockets, spring up at summer resorts, where they drive a brisk trade, to reappear in town in winter. Other establishments there are in which ladies are the power behind the throne, and hire saleswomen and keep many workers busy over the manufacture of cotillon favors, lamp-shades, sofa-cushions, and a thousand trifles not to be had in ordinary shops. To keep to the front with novelties requires a yearly journey to Paris on the part of the proprietor or her forewoman, and a continual study of the whims of fashion in the elegant necessaries of her sex. A lady who happened to find in Paris a particularly becoming style of dressing-jacket, and set it adrift on the home market, had the satisfaction of thereby earning a large sum. Another, an invalid, fell upon the notion of a certain overboot to be worn to balls and the opera, and her idea, widely adopted, brought her similar reward. Toilet boxes and handkerchief cases of the "Beau Brocade" period have been known to return to their inventor a tidy annual sum. And so on through a long array of the luxurious nothings that seem to make up the sum of feminine content among idle and acquisitive plutocrats.

Designing Patterns and Headpieces

A pleasing outgrowth of training at a good art school has furnished more than one woman of society with remunerative work. This is designing patterns for wall-paper, silverware and silken fabrics. Making up striking head-pieces for the advertising columns that take certain newspapers by storm is another. Drawings suitable for transfer to stuffs, oilcloths, carpets, rugs, potteries and porcelains come under the same head, as well as designs for Christmas cards, menus and candle shades. Any of these industries, if only by enabling her to work at home, should be more satisfactory and congenial than the time-honored drudgery of teaching or giving music lessons (perchance to dullards!)—once the first thought of a fairly well-educated girl when thrown on her own resources.

Cooking for the sick, making preserves and pickles according to generous, old-fashioned home receipts—witness the now universal "pin money" pickle sent from the South!—making cake for the home tea-table at five o'clock, and even bread-making, absorb the time and repay the outlay of still another class of workers, and, we are led to believe, with almost unvarying success. In the dancing mistress of a past generation one sees, in imagination, a Caddy Jellyby, slim, small-waisted, with a broad collar of needlework, loops of hair descending upon her cheeks, and a scarf. Thus equipped, she would pirouette before a line of melancholy scholars to the scraping of a kit. Nowadays there is another tale to tell. Charming, graceful young women of the cultured class are seen bringing together in a friend's drawing-room as many children as it will hold, and the dancing-lessons that follow are merry functions for teacher and pupils, to say nothing of the parents who drop in to have tea and look on.

The end of our list brings us to the episode of another poor little girl who must needs do something to help herself, and yet had no single accomplishment that could be utilized for hire. Upon interrogation as to her duties in her luxurious home of former days, she avowed with a smile that as a matter of fact they considered her good for nothing but to take the dogs to walk. From this hint a friend evolved for her an engagement to give exercise to the pet dogs of a wealthy lady, thence to the process of making the same dogs' "toilets," and soon Miss Cinderella had her hands full of an occupation she happened to find most congenial.

The Woman Who Acts as a Secretary

The post of secretary to busy women of the world is always eagerly sought for; and a variant of this occupation is addressing envelopes for balls, "days," and weddings; while readers to invalids and story-tellers for the nursery are a little army awaiting engagement.

Out of this apparently ample supply of possible occupations a yearly procession of women and girls glean substantial help, and the numbers do not decrease. If I were asked what one quality, more than another, is necessary to make any of these business occupations worth pursuing, I should say originality in devising novelties. The fashionable world into whose mill the grist is carried demands, before all things, something that has not been exhausted by predecessors. Next in desiderata are tact, good temper, a pleasant voice, and that simplicity of demeanor which carries with it conviction of intent to do earnest work.

If the future be not deceitful, there is a fair prospect that girls who are born and educated in affluent circumstances will all—as some do—make choice of a profession or calling, and so fit themselves to fill it, that when necessity summons them to be self-supporting there will be no hesitation as to what to do. This condition of things would conduce to quicker and better results in their labor if opportunity should arise for them to exercise it, would infinitely lighten the burden of men who have families of women to provide for, and would endow the lot of the ordinary well-to-do woman of Society with a zest and a sweet sense of independence to which it is now a stranger.

Dangerous Handicrafts

By René Bache

TO BE classified among the victims of civilization are the artisans who work at various trades wherein are encountered dangers to health and even to life. Many articles of manufacture, generally regarded as necessaries, are produced at a cost of bodily suffering and peril, and this expense, though regarded resignedly and as a matter of course by those engaged in the work, is, in the aggregate, often frightful. Nevertheless, the things must be made, and somebody must be found to make them. If the wages are good—and this is by no means always the case—plenty of volunteer martyrs are not only ready but glad to fill the places left vacant by those who succumb.

Women who wear feathers on their hats are frequently blamed for their thoughtlessness in regard to the birds sacrificed to furnish the ornaments, but nobody ever inquires as to the sufferings of the work-people who prepare the feathers for the trade. It is said that no one can pursue this vocation for more than three years without serious impairment of health. Small particles of the feathers are always afloat in the air of the rooms where such work is done, and they are so extremely irritating to mucous membranes with which they come into contact that the artisan almost invariably has chronically inflamed eyes. The lungs suffer most seriously, however, the passages becoming choked with feather dust, and there is record of one man—he had habitually kept doors and windows closed in order to sort his feathers the better—whose bronchial tubes, when he died, were found so thickly plastered with feathers as to be nearly stopped up.

Dust diseases of various kinds afflict workers in many trades. Whatever the nature of the dust, whether mineral, vegetable or animal, it makes its way into the cells of the lungs and, while choking them up, induces irritations. Metal workers, such as file-cutters and needle-polishers, labor in an atmosphere that is charged with a fine black dust composed (as has been ascertained with the microscope) of tiny jagged pieces of iron. It is easy to perceive that distressing results must inevitably follow when such material gets into the delicate tissues of the breathing apparatus. Fortunately, at the present time the mischief is minimized in all properly-equipped factories by means of sucking pipes which, with a powerful exhaust, carry off the dust-laden air.

Careful inquiries made a few years ago showed that among needle-polishers there were seventy per cent. of consumptives in the total number of sick. Among flint-workers the percentage rose to eighty; among file-cutters it was sixty-two; among sieve-makers, forty-eight; among grindstone-makers, forty; and among stone-cutters, thirty-six per cent. The normal percentage would be about ten. Stone-cutters inhale a great deal of mineral dust; such of them as are engaged on sandstone rarely pass the age of fifty, and nearly all of them die of lung troubles.

But recent improvements have rendered such occupations considerably less perilous than formerly. Needles are now made mostly by machinery, so that the danger is done away with. But "grinder's asthma" is to-day, among people who work with abrasives, a common complaint, representing an early stage of a trouble which used to kill the majority of needle-grinders before they were thirty-five.

How Glass-Workers are Affected

The process of powdering the quartz used for making glass liberates a dangerous dust which consists of very small, keen-edged splinters. These get into the eyes of the workmen and cause inflammation, while a painful cough is soon induced by their introduction into the lungs and bronchial tubes. So serious are the effects that nobody can long pursue this kind of labor. Grinders and polishers of cut-glass suffer in similar ways, and few of them live to be forty years of age. A peculiar disease frequently attacks them, which in some respects resembles lead-poisoning, and their teeth have a disagreeable way of breaking off at the stumps. It used to be thought that the disease in question was perhaps caused by the lead (twenty per cent.) contained in the flint-glass which they manipulate, but this was probably a mistaken idea.

Incidentally to the business of diamond-cutting, workers in that interesting handicraft can hardly avoid breathing a good deal of the diamond dust, which causes chronic lung troubles. Each rough gem is made ready for cutting by attaching it to the end of a small copper rod with a solder that is chiefly composed of lead, and persons who attend to this branch of the operation are liable to suffer from lead-poisoning—a very unpleasant complaint which has for one of its symptoms a partial paralysis of the hands, known as "wrist-drop."

In this connection it may be worth while to mention a curious instance that occurred a few years ago in which ducks were affected with wrist-drop. It was out in Kansas, where some Government experts were running a sugar laboratory, experimenting with sorghum. They used lead salts in large quantities to purify the sorghum juice, and, when they were through with the stuff, they would dispose of it by pouring it out through a pipe into a pond close by. Nobody drank the pond water, so that there was no danger in that way, but a flock of ducks were accustomed to disport themselves on its surface, and after a while it was noticed that they were hardly able to waddle about on the land, their legs being partly paralyzed. It was a case of wrist-drop pure and simple.

Millers are exposed to the danger of occasional explosions, which are apt to be attended by frightful consequences. Under certain conditions the extremely fine flour dust distributed through the air inside of the mill will go off like so much gunpowder, and this has happened more than once when a light was introduced into the room where the flour was bolted. For a long time such occurrences were regarded as wholly mysterious, but the phenomenon is now perfectly understood. It is simply a case of instantaneous burning. When gunpowder explodes exactly the same thing happens, all of its particles undergoing instantaneous combustion, owing to the presence of the oxygen furnished by the saltpetre. Finely distributed charcoal dust would go off just like the flour dust, under similar conditions.

Terrible Evils of Phosphorus

Another handicraft, once most perilous of all—namely, match-making—has become perfectly safe through the discovery of amorphous phosphorus. The old kind of phosphorus, utilized for matches up to a few years ago, gave off poisonous vapors, and the workmen who handled it soon suffered the most dreadful consequences. Toothache was usually the first symptom, followed by progressive necrosis of the jaw—that is to say, death of the bone of the jaw. So saturated did the workers become with the poison that their very breath showed phosphorescence in the dark. They wore suspended at their necks small tin boxes containing turpentine, which protected them to some extent, and employment was given only to persons who had perfect teeth, the least defect in that respect being found to encourage the dreaded disease.

The amorphous phosphorus does not give off vapor, is not poisonous, and may even be taken internally without any harm. As Ziemssen says, it "has done away with a cheap mode of suicide," for some who desired to get rid of the troubles of this world accomplished their purpose by the simple and easy process of swallowing a lot of match-heads.

What is known as "brass-founder's ague" is said to be due to the fumes of zinc and copper, but on this point there is some doubt. There is, in fact, much dispute as to the dangers of absorbing copper salts into the human system. Pease artificially greened as the French prepare them, by putting a pinch of copper salts into the pot in which they are cooked, have often been condemned as unwholesome. Nevertheless, only a short time ago a German with a turn for scientific inquiry made an experiment on himself, by putting considerable quantities of salts of copper into every dish that he ate. This he kept up for quite a while, and at the termination of the trial he declared that he never felt better in his life.

People engaged in the manufacture of sulphate of quinine are apt to suffer from distressing skin troubles, and in chemical factories the workers are liable to more or less injury to health from the fumes of the powerful acids they constantly handle. Those engaged in the business of smelting ores of copper and lead suffer dreadfully, and persons similarly engaged at the quicksilver mines soon sicken, men thirty years of age often having the appearance of tottering senility.

Butchers, though usually florid and robust, are apt to suffer from rheumatism, owing to exposure to cold and wet. Chimney-sweeps have a peculiar skin disease that is known as "chimney-sweep's cancer." Grocers used commonly to suffer from a complaint called "grocer's itch," which was caused by a tiny insect that infested sugar. It manifested itself in a disagreeable cracking of the skin at the joints of the fingers. But sugar nowadays is made by a process which eliminates the insect, and the trouble no longer exists.

How Bill Got His Grizzly. By Arthur Stringer

QUEER cuss, Bill!" said Timber Line Ike, pushing his head out under the dripping tent-flaps and looking down the coulee after the disappearing figure of the cowboy. The patter of horse-hoofs on the sodden prairie died away, and the only sound was the dreary beating of the rain on the taut tent-fly and the genial sizzling of Ike's bacon on the little sheet-iron camp stove

Queer cuss, Bill!" sighed Ike again, buttoning the smoke-stained tent-flaps and turning over the bacon. "You know, Bill weren't pop'lar, exactly, when he first come up in this district

"We called him Little Bill," went on Ike reminiscently, drawing up to the fire and lighting his pipe with a coal "We called him Little Bill because he stood six foot four and et like a hired man. You never seen a man eat the way Bill et the first week he struck our camp. He said it was the Rocky Mountain air, but I hev my s'picions Bill come over the Line in ruther too much of a hurry to think of stoppin' for luncheon on the way Not that I'd say Bill weren't always square and decent enough. But just queer. He said he was a cowpuncher from Dakota, and was always explainin' how the sheep-raisers over there had sp'iled his range for cattle He said he was on his way up to the Klondike when he swung into camp one evenin' on his broken-winded cayuse and poured three or four pecks of our oats out for his Arab. We didn't say much, but we noticed Bill laid low for a week or two. Then he just squatted on us and made hisself at home as only a man like Bill could. It was a way Bill hed

'We was roundin'-up in the Alberta Foothills, southwest of Wetaskiwin, and Bill soon showed us he was the best man at bronco-bustin' and brandin' yearlin's who ever wore a gun. And Bill could throw a lariat, too, throw a lariat like a Mexican and rope a Saskatchewan mosquito. In fact, Bill was unwholesome proud of his lariat throwin', and always carried his rope on his saddle, night and day. He stuck to his blue flannel shirt, too, with a red handkerchief knotted round the throat, and Mexican 'chaps' and spurs, and a hat with three or four bullet holes in it. Bill was queer, you know, and our boys didn't like his rough ways, and kept throwin' it up to him that he was always tryin' to do the Wild West Show bluff. Bill got back at them by cussin' the country. Truth is, Bill never stopped cussin' the country from the day the mounted police calmly took his guns off him in Calgary. He was forever talkin' about the States and God's country. I s'pose that's what made Bill kind of unpop'lar like. But he was a simple-minded cuss, was Bill, and always nosin' around after trouble And I guess Bill got it.

"There was one thing Bill couldn't stand for, and that was the talk of our Canuck boys about Rocky Mountain grizzly. Of course Bill didn't know any more about a grizzly than a baby. He said he wasn't afraid to face the biggest Old Ephriam that ever et a blueberry. He went around sayin' he'd rope and brand the first grizzly he ever come across and lead him into camp by the left ear. As I said, Bill didn't know grizzlies

"Now I know a thing or two about mountain bear. When berries is thick and Old Ephraim gets all he wants to eat he ain't goin' to bother you much. You mind your bus'ness and he'll mind his'n. But let fall come on or let a little storm snow up his grub for him and it's best not to git too sociable He's got a nasty way of swallowin' cold lead like rawsberries and not stoppin' to consider anything short of a good-sized mushroom bullet.

"Well, one October mornin' Bill and Sam Badger hed a little dif'rence about the holes in Bill's hat. Sam insinuated Bill put them there hisself, and the boys kind of sided with Sam in the belief. Well, Bill got that mad he couldn't have tied blue ribbons on a bunch of sausages without gittin' mixed on his numbers, and used some bad language and cantered off on his old gray cayuse—just nosin' around for trouble, as Cheyenne Charlie put it. It was an off day in camp and we sat around smokin' and braidin' halter-shanks.

"It got on toward evenin', with the wine glow on the mountains, and we had clean forgot Bill, when Cheyenne Charlie looked up and said. 'Well, I'm danged if there ain't Bill!'

"Now there was a little special hard feelin' between Charlie and Bill, and there was something or other in Charlie's voice made us all look up quick.

"And there was Bill, sure enough, Bill and his old gray cayuse, and something unusual behind them. It was just sundown, and Bill's figger stood out ag'in the skyline like a brand on a red steer. And I never seen Bill movin' at such a rate of speed before. He was just a-hidin' the life out of that old gray cayuse of his'n and makin' for home and mother for all he was worth. And hollerin'—I never heard a man hollerin' like Bill

Then we seen what was up. Bill's lariat was stretched out behind him tight as a fiddle string. On the end of that lariat of his'n was one of the leanest-lookin' full-grown grizzlies that ever et a saskatoon

"Bill hed lassoed his Old Ephriam. Bill hed roped his bear all right, and Bill knew it, and we knew it; but the bear knew it best of all. For we seen clear enough that Bill wasn't stoppin' to bother about any brandin' that evenin One end of that lariat of his'n was fast around the bear and the other end was fast to his saddle, and we seen that Bill was especial anxious that he kept that lariat without any slack in it We seen that the grizzly was mad as a hornet, and we seen also that Bill was kind of on to the fact. And the old gray cayuse seemed to understand just about as well as Bill, for the wool on that cayuse was standin' up on end like the tail quills of a Siskyoot porcupine

"We was that dumfounded we just sat there and stared Bill made a partickler wide circle into camp, for he weren't givin' that grizzly no corners to cut off. And as he swept down on us with his long hair flyin' out behind and hollerin' like an Apache, we seen that both Bill and his old gray cayuse was pretty well done out. And no wonder, for that grizzly hed kept company with Bill all the way from Killjack Gorge

"The next minute Bill went by us like the wind 'Shoot 'im! Shoot 'im, boys! Shoot 'im!" yelled Bill as he whistled past. He didn't wait till we went in and got our guns, Bill didn't. He seemed to hev something on his mind as though he was wanted somewhere and didn't like to keep folks waitin'. But I'll be danged if that bear didn't go past us so close we could catch the smell of the varmint

"'I never thought there was that much action in Bill's cayuse,' said Sam Badger, braidin' his halter-shank, cool as a cucumber. Sam always was an unforgivin' cuss.

"But before we could turn around Bill passed over the divide and out of sight down a slough. It was about twenty minutes before Bill called in on his way back. No, he didn't leave no cards. But his lang'rige was something awful as he swept past us for the second time with that grizzly after him, hot foot-like. Sam hed his rifle out and fully intended pluggin' Old Ephriam, but he said he was that hurt at Bill's ungentlemanly lang'rige that he wasn't goin' to interfere and then git spoke to rude for doin' it. And once more we seen Bill sail over the skyline, with his head down and his hair blowin' out in the wind, still a hollerin' at the top of his lungs

Make a good opery singer, Bill would,' said Cheyenne Charlie, gazin' after him as his head disappeared down among a clump of wolf willow

'It was a full half hour before Bill could make his turn and come our way ag'in And if you ever wanted to study a look that was full of silent reproach, you should hev seen that look of Bill's as he went past us that third time. I guess he was past hollerin'. The old gray cayuse was in a white lather and considerable wobbly in the fore'ard Bill hisself was kind of frothin' at the mouth, but this time he didn't chin a note

"'Bill needn't knock things all over camp, even though he did go away mad,' said Cheyenne Charlie, reproachful like, as he picked up a blanket and a couple of kettles after Bill's Old Ephriam

"I didn't hev the heart to see Bill wearin' and frettin' hisself out that way, so I jumped on Trilby, the cleanest-footed pinto in camp, and took after them with a gun. I didn't want to run no risks of puttin' a bullet through Bill, for, after all, Bill ain't such a fool—it's only the way his mother makes his clothes. I hed to git up alongside before I da'st shoot. But I can tell you right now, even though Bill was fagged he was travelin' at a pretty smart clip, for it took me about eleven miles to sight him. As I loped up he heard me comin' and gave a shriek that would hev waked the dead He hit his old gray mustang one whack with his ham-bone fist and started in at his record breakin' ag in

"He shot off at a tangent and my pinto got Bill's lariat under his leg, and before I knew what he was at, me and the pinto and the grizzly was all mixed up When I kind of come to the grizzly lay stretched out on the grass, and Bill was standin' there with my gun in one hand and his broken lariat in the other. Bill ain't a bad sort, you know, just queer

That lariat cost me fifteen buck to ," he said, mournful like, tryin' to splice the strands with one hand and rubbin' his back with the other."

"Bill hed lassoed his Old Ephriam. Bill hed roped his bear all right, and Bill knew it, and we knew it; but the bear knew it best of all"

An Electric Diet

THE notion of fattening pigs by electricity is at all events novel, and, if the inventor of the process be not disappointed the idea will yet be applied to other animals and even to human beings. To Dr W J Herdman, of the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan, the world owes this discovery, which is to the effect that the galvanic current promotes the growth of tissue that is to say, the increase of flesh It had previously been ascertained that plants develop more rapidly under the electric stimulus, and there was no obvious reason why animals should not be equally responsive to it

Hence the idea of Doctor Herdman, which promises well, though its application cannot as yet be said to have passed beyond the experimental stage

The Doctor, for the sake of convenience, began his experiments with guinea-pigs, half a dozen of which he put in each of two cages, taking care that they should all be of exactly the same age so as to make the conditions of the trial as free from flaw as possible Around one of the cages he strung several wires, through which a current of electricity was kept passing night and day, while nothing of the kind was done with the other cage. Meanwhile, for a stated period, the animals in both cages were fed with a precisely equal quantity of provender of the same kind, so that there would be no advantage in this respect on either side As a result it was found that the guinea pigs that lived in an electric environment gained in weight during a measured time ten per cent more than those in the non electric cage

Doctor Herdman is confident that ordinary pigs, if subjected to similar treatment, would exhibit like results. He proposes to build suitably wired pens and to furnish the growing swine with regular supplies of electricity, much in the same way as was done with the guinea pigs

Nobody can say what may be the final influence of this new discovery upon the packing trade, or whether the "electric bacon" of the future may not command a special price in the market. The imagination extends the application of Doctor Herdman's discovery to almost any lengths. Why may not the day come when every cow in her stall shall have her private wire? And electricity is good for pigs, it may serve to fatten babies, or even grown persons who are desirous of increasing their avoirdupois, and thus most interesting possibilities for the improvement of the human physique are opened up

THE GRASP

By Frank W. Thomas

THE grasp is difficult to describe except by illustration; but in a broad way, it is that subtle blending of mental characteristics which, when one man meets his fellows, gives him the mastery over them. It is that compelling influence which is always wielded by a positive personality, conscious of its own power.

Most men have it, or might have it, in some things.

The grasp is simply an expressive term which crystallizes into more definite form a number of ideas, not new individually, but which, when put into this collective shape, constitute a basis for thought and action which can hardly fail to result in an increased potentiality in the powers which we possess.

There are as many forms of the grasp as there are vocations, for the man in any profession or business who knows more than others has it; or at least has the foundation for it. It may, in fact, be said that the prime element of any form of the grasp is a superior knowledge.

The great men in statecraft, in war and in business have all been liberally endowed with it.

When Daniel Webster made his historic speech answering the advocates of Nullification, he faced a hostile Senate presided over by a Vice-President whose whole influence was exerted against him. When he rose to speak he looked into the faces of men prejudiced by preconceived ideas and by the apparently irrefutable reasoning and brilliant oratory of Hayne and his colleagues who had already spoken in favor of the policy. To weaken the force of Webster's reply, the sincerity of his views on other public matters had been strongly questioned. Every argument and insinuation which the ingenuity of keen, brilliant men could devise had been hurled against him. By artful tactics he was forced to make his reply without proper preparation. This combination of opposition would have disheartened a man of less forceful personality, but his giant mind grasped the fundamental principles of the controversy and set them forth in such unanswerable logic and with such masterful eloquence that his opponents finally appeared as but pigmies beside him. The tide of opinion turned. His words swayed the entire nation and the imperiled Union was maintained.

An Example Given by Napoleon

When Napoleon returned from Elba he met troops sent against him with orders to shoot him on sight, yet he stepped before them from the ranks of his scanty following and, throwing open his coat, said: "If there be one soldier among you who would kill his Emperor, let him fire." That was the grasp. He knew the French admiration for supreme nerve and made the most of it. What wonder that those old campaigners grounded their arms and cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" It was purely the magnetism of his mind which changed them in a moment from an army of opposition to the most devoted followers.

When General Sheridan made his famous ride from Winchester and turned the battle of Cedar Creek from defeat into victory, it was an illustration of the grasp, pure and simple. He brought no reenforcements, yet the retreating troops turned and followed him in a new charge because of the compelling confidence inspired in their minds by his own intrepid nerve. The grasp was apparent in every line of his figure, in the flash of his eye, in the tone of his voice and in the cheery confidence of his call: "Face the other way, boys; we're going back." It was the wonderful contagion of that individual grasp of his which won the battle.

A grain operator in the Chicago Board of Trade once bought more wheat for delivery at a certain time than could be stored in all the elevators of that city. Then he kept on buying, especially heavy sales being made to him by Mr. Philip D. Armour. The operator, knowing that he had overbought the elevator capacity, thought to make a large profit from those who could not fulfill their contracts from lack of a place to put their wheat. The grain, in order to be "delivered," must be in an elevator, and he supposed the prospective shortage of storage facilities to be unknown to his rivals. He thought that he had the grasp, but he was mistaken. Sixty days before the date for delivery Mr. Armour put several hundred men to work, in eight-hour shifts, working twenty-four hours a day; and before the time for the consummation of the deal had arrived he had a new elevator of his own with three million bushels of wheat stored in it, ready for delivery. He had a genuine grasp.

Failures Due to Lack of Strong Grasp

The world is full of people with weak grasps, imitation grasps and bluff grasps. Some men have abilities of a high order, but small confidence in themselves. They stay below men of *less ability* but *greater grasp*, for the mere lack of aggressiveness. The man of weak grasp frequently loses what is due him from the fact that his failure to demand it prejudices the opinion of others as to his deserts.

There is nothing more evident to the discerning than the imitation grasp. The clerk who uses the mannerisms and expressions of his employer, and the young lawyer who, in giving his opinions, mimics the dignity of a judge, both illustrate this fact.

The real grasp is deeper than a mannerism, or a poise of the head, or a style of speech. It cannot be assumed like a mask, for it is the result of an inner mental confidence which no two persons manifest in exactly the same way. It is individual, but unmistakable.

Closely related to the imitation is the bluff grasp. An illustration will best describe this. A traveling man who sold goods for a prominent packing concern wished to secure the trade of a certain retail grocer. He had heard that his prospective customer was a shrewd buyer and difficult to deal with, so he made up his mind to try a bluff grasp. When he called on the dealer he took occasion to pick up a piece of the dried beef which was on sale, and criticised it most unmercifully, claiming that it was so poor that no reputable house could afford to handle it, that it was not worth over ten cents a pound, that it could not compare with the regular brand put up by his house at fifteen cents; and indulged in more comment of the same tenor. The grocer waited patiently, and with great inward satisfaction, until the traveler's bluff grasp was exhausted, and then quietly remarked: "Mr. C——, that dried beef came from your concern and we paid fifteen cents for it. If it really is as bad as you say, we had better return it." The salesman did not stop even to say good-by, but took an unceremonious leave and has not since visited the establishment.

All of which goes to show that a real bold, bluff grasp may be all right when talking to a man who does not know his business, but that it withers into worse than none at all when it brushes elbows with the genuine article.

Winning by Adherence to Principles

There is a form of grasp which comes from inflexible adherence to good principles. A man and his wife called at a prominent dry-goods establishment and picked out a quantity of curtains and other furnishings amounting in value to four hundred and five dollars. The man haggled with the clerk for some time in an endeavor to get him to throw off the five dollars, but the salesman told him politely, though firmly, that he could not cut the price even so much as a penny. The customers were rather piqued and started to leave the store. At the foot of the elevator they met one of the firm, a personal acquaintance of theirs, and the man explained the situation to him. Slapping the storekeeper on the back, the would-be customer jokingly said: "Now look here, L——, if I can't make the price of a new hat on this deal here, I'll certainly have to go some place where I can." The proprietor expressed his regret at losing the sale, but was quite as positive as the clerk had been about not cutting the price. The man looked at him in astonishment and said: "Do you really mean to tell me that you would lose a four hundred dollar order for a difference of five dollars?"

"Mr. B——," said the merchant, "I assure you that we should make more than five dollars on that bill of goods, but I cannot cut the price. However, I'll tell you what I will do. If you can find a single instance of a price having been cut in this store, we will make you a present of the entire bill." The two left the store, but the man soon returned, saying: "You may send out those things. They are just what we want, and I suppose your price must be all right or you would not stick to it so." It took downright nerve to do a thing like that, as any business man knows, but the merchant was right. He would not sacrifice a principle for any amount of immediate profit, and the customer respected him for it. The correctness of his position is proved by the fact that the unvarying square dealing of this firm has given them such a grasp on trade that they have expanded from the limits of a small store and have become one of the largest establishments in the city where they are located.

The Imitation Grasp Never Profitable

It is equally true that a weak, imitation grasp is exceedingly unprofitable in business. One of the smaller partners in a large wholesale grocery house gave a good example of this. The heavy men of the concern were hard workers. They were at their desks early in the morning, and in the course of time acquired considerable contempt for this man whose real calibre they had long discovered. One of his favorite deceptions was to leave his stock-book in the rear part of the building, so that when he came to business, late in the morning, he could enter the back way, and, picking up the book, walk into the office with it under his arm as if he had been working for an hour or two. He thought his grasp on that firm was a good imitation. Possibly he imagined it was genuine, for one day he went into the counting-room and said to the senior partner: "Mr. A——, if I am not consulted more about the business plans of this concern I'm going to withdraw." Mr. A—— was a shrewd man with a very well-developed and positive grasp, and he had been studying for some time as to how he could best rid the firm of this undesirable member. So he caught at the chance as quick as a flash, saying: "Never a better time than now, Mr. D——, never a better time than now;" and turning to the head bookkeeper he inquired: "How much is Mr. D——'s interest in the business to-day?" Almost before that gentleman knew what had happened he found himself on the sidewalk with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars in his hand, but with his grasp forever lost on a growing interest in one of the most substantial and profitable businesses in the country. The moral is easy to find.

The Man Who Never Made a Mistake

The grasp that is won by dishonesty is far worse than the imitation. It is false, and is effective in appearance merely, and usually for the time being only. A business acquaintance once told me of having had a conversation with another man who had apparently made a success of his enterprises, and who said to him, in the course of his remarks, that as he looked back over the preceding year he could not see that he had made a single mistake; that if he had it all to do over again he would not change a single decision or action. My acquaintance congratulated him on his success, but with a strong inward feeling of self-condemnation. After the visitor had left he sat at his desk and thought over that wonderful statement—"Not a mistake in a year." Surely, thought he, that man must have the true grasp. The friend who related this incident to me is successful himself, has a large business and is president of a bank, but he told me that it really made him feel crestfallen to meet a man who had not made a mistake in a year. He said he remembered several which he had made the previous week, and a bad one that very morning. "But, do you know," he concluded, "within a month that man was arrested for misappropriating funds left in his hands during that year, and he is now in the penitentiary? He had made a mistake, after all. He thought it was not an error so long as his secret was secure, but dishonesty is always a mistake."

The grasp can be developed. That is the advantage in considering it. The mere fact of getting the idea into tangible shape, giving it a name, and thinking of what it has accomplished, really increases one's own command of it. It is like putting a foil into the hand of the fencer. With it in mind, a man is on guard, and being ready is the first and better half of winning. With it in mind, we recognize the imitation, the weak and the bluff grasps, and smile at them. They no longer deceive us. We have them labeled, so to speak, and know them at a glance. The thought of it is an influence developing the acumen of the brain, a mental stimulant potent in the every-day transaction of affairs.

Deputing Grasp to a Subordinate

One of my friends is the advertising manager of a large retail house. The proprietor is a man who has a most remarkable grasp on every detail of his business, but this mastery disappears before the countless solicitations—perhaps demands would be a better word—of the many who want to sell all sorts of impossible things, and who plainly intimate that their trade and influence will be withdrawn from the establishment if they are not patronized. He knows, as a matter of business, that he cannot afford to accede to the requests of most of these people, that some of them are undeserving, and that others are working schemes actually fraudulent; yet he dislikes to say no to them. So he turns them all over to the advertising manager, who has frequently talked over this grasp idea with me, and who insists that it has helped him greatly in dealing with these applicants. Formerly some of these smooth-talking schemers got the better of him, but he says, when he sees one of them coming down the long aisle leading to his office, he begins to get his reserve grasp together, and by the time the man stands before him the atmosphere is full of it. A man with a handful of tickets came in one day, and with a strong, bluff grasp held them out to this Mr. S——, saying: "Mr. M——, the proprietor, sent me to see how many of these tickets you wish to take."

With disconcerting coolness Mr. S—— replied: "We do not care for any of them."

"But," said the solicitor, "*Mr. M——* sent me here."

"Yes, yes, I know; he sends everybody to me, but we don't want any of the tickets." The solicitor went again to the proprietor who once more referred him to Mr. S——.

"But," said the man, "I saw him, and he doesn't seem to understand." Of course he did understand perfectly, but it was an illustration of the ineffectiveness of a merely presumptuous grasp when it is opposed by the real thing.

A man with the true grasp, when he meets you, looks you squarely in the eye, and says what he has to say so that you know he means it. There is no mistaking him for his look is the glance of authority, and his words are the result of positive knowledge. He has been the forceful man in the past, is so in the present, and will be in the future. He is the idol and the ideal of every young American who aspires.

The grasp has made the great men of history. More than battalions, it has decided battles and changed the map of the world. Beyond wealth or position, it is the mainspring of action in the affairs of to-day. The men who possess it will be the political leaders and the commercial giants of to-morrow.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Address of the Philadelphia Johnsons

In literary circles Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the magazine editor is known as a serious minded man. He seldom jokes, and that very fact gives point to the following story

A short time ago Mr. John Luther Long, the Philadelphia novelist, took luncheon with Mr. Johnson in New York, and the conversation turned to the peculiar conservatism of Philadelphia, which leads persons who know nothing of the life of the city to poke fun at it. "I have no patience with such jibes!" exclaimed Mr Johnson warmly. "I am very fond of Philadelphia. It is a delightful community. You know I have some relatives there."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Long, at once interested

"Yes," continued Mr. Johnson; "I have quite a number of people over there. By the way, where is St. Peter's Church?"

"Down at Third and Pine Streets, in a very old fashioned neighborhood," replied Mr. Long

"I have a lot of folks buried there in the old churchyard," said Mr Johnson, without cracking a smile.

Lord Salisbury and American Politics

The inauguration of the new Lord Mayor of London, the Right Honorable Frank Green, a paper merchant and former alderman, recently took place

There was as usual a monster civic parade, the "Lord Mayor's Show" being one of the notable sights of London Amid great pomp and ceremony, and attended by hosts of mummers and masqueraders, the Lord Mayor went through the streets of London from the Mansion House to the Courts of Justice to take the oath of office. He was clad in a state robe of scarlet and sable, and about his neck was a fanciful and huge link chain of gold.

Following the ceremony there was a great dinner at the Guildhall (the hall in which, long ago, the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey underwent trial) and nearly one thousand guests were present, including Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and United States Ambassador Choate. At the banquet the Lord Mayor wore a robe of black silk heavily trimmed with gold

The speeches at a Lord Mayor's banquet are always closely watched, as they are frequently of strong political significance. It was interesting to notice, therefore, that Lord Salisbury expressed a strong hope that close relations with the United States should continue. He spoke with gloom of the cost of the Boer War, in soldiers' lives, but insisted that President Kruger had forced the conflict He created great surprise by openly speaking of the supreme satisfaction that Englishmen felt in the result of the American Presidential election, and Mr. Choate dryly remarked that it was well he had not expressed himself before the election; whereat the great audience burst into laughter, remembering the English diplomat who, a few years ago, fell into sad difficulties by expressing views on an American Presidential contest.

The residence and office of the Lord Mayor are in the Mansion House—a large Corinthian-portioned building, one hundred and fifty years old, standing in that part of Cheapside known as the Poultry, it having once been the street of the poulterers

One part of the Lord Mayor's duty is to preside in one of the police courts, and his court room is inside of the Mansion House. For magisterial duty he wears a robe of blue silk trimmed with fur

The Lord Mayor rules over only that part of London technically known as "the City," and within that district there are only some 37,000 inhabitants. His salary is $40,000—more dollars than citizens.

Most of the buildings are shuttered and tenantless at night, but the regular day population is over 300,000, and a count, recently taken, showed that within twenty-four hours 1,121,708 persons and 92,488 vehicles entered the busy precincts of "the City." The revenue of "the City" is about $3,750 000

Lord Mayor Green is of an Oom Paul like countenance and has a broad and bushy beard

His daughter will be mistress of the Mansion House, as his wife (who was a Miss Haydn, daughter of the Dictionary of Dates man) died about a year ago

The American Girl of the Twentieth Century

A charming representative of the coming woman of the twentieth century was added to New York's exclusive social circle this month, when Miss Mary Stone Field was presented at a coming-out reception at the Waldorf-Astoria.

She is of distinguished ancestry, being a granddaughter of the late Cyrus W. Field, of telegraph and cable fame, and a grandniece of the late David Dudley Field, the famous jurist Miss Field speaks French and is a fine horseback rider; she is a student of Spanish and of German, and plays a good game of golf; she is expert at mathematics, yet fences like Alice of Old Vincennes; she can quote Shakespeare and Spenser, and also superintend the making of a custard

She was educated at a private school in New York City and was editor of the school paper. She has spent two years abroad, her father having been United States Consul in a German city

MISS MARY STONE FIELD

A Tammany Reformer Who Designs Warships

An interesting man is Mr. Lewis Nixon, the chairman of the committee of five recently appointed by Mr. Richard Croker—"Boss" Croker—to suppress vice in New York City. The popular idea of an active Tammany leader is well known, but that it is not in every case correct is shown by the fact that one member of that committee, Mr. John W Keller, is not only a Tammany worker and office-holder but a college graduate and former newspaper editor of high personal standing, and that Mr. Nixon himself is an engineer of national distinction and the designer of the great battleship Oregon.

A Southerner by birth and a New Yorker by adoption, Mr Lewis Nixon is a man who has been building vessels ever since he was big enough to whittle toy craft

After his graduation from the Naval Academy, the United States Government sent him to Europe to inspect the ship [illegible]-building plants of England and France

Mr. Nixon was not thirty years of age when he designed the Oregon, but the unlimited store of confidence he had in his own ability is attested by the fact that he went ahead and designed the pride of the Pacific and her sister vessels, the Indiana and Massachusetts, in less than ninety days

Mr. Nixon was in the employ of a great shipyard at the time, superintending the construction of two battleships which he had designed. He had an enviable position, with a salary higher than was received by the majority of young men of his age. By all known tenets he should have been satisfied, and a number of his friends told him so with engaging frankness. The result was exactly what might have been expected by anybody who knew Mr. Nixon. A few months later found him "sole proprietor" of a small shipyard in the little town of Elizabethport, New Jersey, and he plunged into every phase of the business and built everything—from gunboats for the Navy to palatial private steam yachts.

When the Klondike gold excitement began a company wished to secure some steamers for Alaskan service. All the Pacific Coast shipbuilders said that it would be impossible to deliver them within the short space of time specified. Mr Nixon thought differently. He had his force of employees work night and day, and he built the boats, took them apart, shipped them in sections across the continent, and recrected the craft on the Pacific Coast within the prescribed time.

When the Holland submarine torpedo boat was first projected, no one save the shipbuilder from New Jersey was especially anxious to undertake the construction of the experimental craft, and so Mr Nixon easily secured the contract, and the recent success of the little vessel is a monument to the ability of its builder as well as its inventor. Mr Nixon has also just completed another unique craft—a floating safe in which all the treasure on shipboard is stored, so that in case the vessel sinks this novel craft will ride the waves in safety and attract attention by a light which is ignited at the moment of contact with the water

Mr. Nixon has political ambitions, and by appointment of Mayor Van Wyck is President of the New East River Bridge Commission of New York City.

Baroness de Hirsch, of Chicago

The Chicago friends of Miss Bessie Macdonald—who recently became the Baroness de Hirsch—agree that this well known prima donna and typical American girl has an unusual share of lovable qualities. From the statements of those who have known Miss Macdonald from childhood it is to be inferred that the young Baron Rudolph de Hirsch (who is a nephew of the famous philanthropist, the late Baron Maurice de Hirsch) has taken to his château a woman of rare capabilities

She is an indefatigable worker, and it is said of her that she never missed a professional engagement or failed to respond to a call for rehearsal. When about to fill a gratuitous engagement before a workingmen's club it was learned that her mother was seriously ill. When offered release from the appointment she said: "No, I cannot disappoint an audience of workingmen."

Once the members of a chorus with which she was to take a principal rôle came to rehearsal with but snatches of their parts learned. With delicate consideration Miss Macdonald gave only such portions of her own part as best enabled them to make an acceptable showing

At a time when she was under special engagement with an opera company in Chicago the manager said to her one day

"Miss Macdonald, we are in a serious predicament. Maud Berri, who was expected to return from New York in time to take the leading rôle in Somnambula, next week, and who, as you know, is well up in the part, has just telegraphed us of her husband's death and that she will be unable to come"

"I will take it," said Miss Macdonald calmly. Although but four days remained and she was wholly unfamiliar with this opera she applied herself, day and night, to mastering it

Her rare presence of mind is illustrated by an incident which occurred during a performance of Somnambula. When the time came for her to leave her chamber and "walk in her sleep," she started toward the bridge, as usual, with candle in hand But scarcely had she taken a step when she realized that the carpenters had neglected properly to brace the structure. With one hand waving cautiously behind her, out of sight of the audience, she began a weird song. The stage manager was frantic until he "caught his cue" from her gestures and understood the extraordinary proceeding Some one hurried to her assistance and steadied the bridge and the audience never suspected that their favorite had barely escaped a humiliating or painful fall, or that the song was not a legitimate part of the performance.

BARONESS DE HIRSCH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728, and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

The Safeguard of Our Business Interests

HEREAFTER, when the politicians and their allies endeavor to play upon the fears of capitalists and the business interests of the country, it will be in order for the representative men of these classes to call attention to the results of the last two national elections. In each of the campaigns preceding the balloting, the partisan politicians and editors did their utmost to make it appear that a very large section of the American people are reckless enough in their desires and intentions to give the signal for destroying the efficiency of combined capital, and for putting an end to the great industrial movements, though these are the chief factors in the progress of the Republic.

Four years ago, indeed, the alarmists, knowing well that their warnings and threats had no foundation in fact, came perilously near to precipitating a panic which would have overwhelmed the very interests which the partisans protended to be so anxious about. A similar effort was made this year, and no doubt many business men rested uneasily the night before the election. But there was no general response to this attempt to disturb and alarm capital. The hobgoblins of anarchy and disorder were exhibited as usual, but thoughtful observers had discovered the strings and pulleys by means of which the manikins were set in motion.

It is only under the stress and strain of partisanship that Americans are compelled to endure the insults and slanders that are heaped upon them by the agents of partisanship. The simple truth is that, whether they are regarded as members of political organizations, or as citizens of the Republic, the people of this country have demonstrated over and over again that all their political tendencies are in the direction of a conservatism that may be described as extreme. So strong is this tendency that they halt and hesitate over the simplest and most necessary reforms—reforms which strike some of the ablest minds as absolutely essential. The people shrink from changes that involve experiments, and they have shown time and time again that they never mistake a political policy for a political principle; and they have never, since the Republic was organized, been persuaded to sacrifice substantial interests to mere policies.

It is true enough that the Republic began its career by sacrificing the business interests of the Colonies to the great principle of human liberty, and from that day to this the people have never hesitated when there has been a question involving the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence. But behind all this, now as then, is an extreme conservatism, which should never be insulted by the shrill cries of the alarmists, or be misunderstood by the business interests of the country. On all ordinary, as well as on some extraordinary occasions, the people have shown that they are both thoughtful and cautious when they come to act. They tolerate, but they do not stand in need of, the services of the partisans who yell at them from the stump, or shower insults upon them in the newspapers.

The popular judgment is both sound and wholesome, and for that reason our business interests should recognize the fact that what are called "the conservative classes" include the whole body of the American people—a body that may be trusted to take care of the business and financial, as well as the political, interests of the country. There would be considerably less political friction and uneasiness if our men of affairs would permit themselves to realize the situation and repose more confidence in the conservatism of the electors of the Republic.

The New Century will have many surprises and possibly a few miracles, but it will not bring fortune to laziness or happiness to grumbling.

The Abolition of the Soul

A POPULAR magazine, which is interested in showing the course and development of modern thought in all departments of knowledge, presents in a recent issue an extract from a book written by Professor Ernst Haeckel. The book is called The Riddle of the Universe and the chapter presented by the magazine is entitled The Death of the Soul. And it is a very appropriate title, too; for, according to this Professor, the soul is of no more importance than Cock Robin of the nursery rhyme, and there seems to be no reason why some cock-sure Sparrow should not end the matter with his bow and arrow. Twenty—even ten—years ago this book, and especially this chapter, would have created something of a sensation. There was a time when the terms "science" and "scientific" stood for something, but a great change has come over the public mind. Reflecting men are not so gullible with respect to these terms as they used to be.

For the science that confines itself to its own domain, and sets no great store by its unproved and unprovable hypotheses, there is still, and ever will be, the most profound respect. But the science that calls itself "modern" goes about with a black eye, and has the attitude and gait of a tramp who has been caught trespassing on preserves that are "posted." The feeling that it creates is one of dignified amusement, for what can be more incongruous than the spectacle of a person who claims for his own the domain of knowledge—the knowledge, that is to say, of material things—dancing about in the arena of faith, declaring that there is no such thing as an immortal soul, and giving to that declaration the form of a dogma?

This funny Professor takes himself very seriously, as is the habit of men of his school. He has no idea that it is necessary for him to prove his assertions, or to make good his assumptions, and therefore he makes no effort to do so. He presents his dogmas, and expects people to take them on trust; yet he no doubt has a great contempt for the theologians on account of their dogmas. Some of these "scientific" dogmas are interesting. For instance, Professor Haeckel says that man is not distinguished from the higher animals by any "peculiar or exclusive psychic function," but only by a "superior stage of development." Being a professor of zoology, it is natural that Haeckel should know all about psychic functions and matters pertaining to the soul.

He goes on to remark that belief in the immortality of the soul is not a creation of "rational science." Well, the fact that the Professor brags about is also the boast of the Christian. Assuredly, "rational science," such as one hears floundering about in strange waters, has had no hand in formulating the truths of the Christian religion. It is possible to subscribe heartily to the Professor's statement that the proofs which have been urged for the immortality of the soul are not of a "scientific" character, if the term be understood to mean the modern system of making so-called scientific statements and then assuming them to be true because they have been made.

Professor Haeckel deals out his own assumptions right and left with a liberal hand. He says that the theological proof of the soul and its immortality is "a pure myth," and the quotation which the magazine makes from his book concludes with this fine example of "scientific" dogma: "The belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma which is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science." Now, the term "empiricism" may apply to the processes of a quack, or it may apply to the observations and experiments of a real scientist: but what does the Haeckel dogma mean more than this—that there is no possible way by which "modern science" can place the human soul in a position to be observed and experimented upon, that there is no known method by means of which the soul can be placed under the microscope or upon the dissecting table, or in the test tubes of the chemist? In the very nature of things, there can be no "solid empirical truths of modern science" by which the existence of the human soul can be either proved or disproved. Why, then, do "scientists" persist in going out of their own domain to bother with matters that are far beyond and above their resources?

Observation and experience are as futile here as they are in the case of an acorn or a grain of wheat. One contains an oak, the other has in it enough vitality to feed an army if you do but give it time to reproduce itself. A seed falls from a mummy's winding sheet where it has lain for thousands of years; it falls to the ground, and the hidden life within it sends forth a shoot of tenderest green, fresh, vigorous and beautiful. When Professor Haeckel can give us the why and the wherefore of such miracles as this, when he can give us the key to the humblest and simplest of created things, and present a clue to the central truth, it will be time enough for him to discuss or deny the existence of the human soul—of which the most ignorant human being knows just as much as all the scientists. Meanwhile, men of the Haeckel stripe should not be too impatient with Christians who have their own reasons—yes, and their proofs, too—for believing in the soul and its immortality. —JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

The Gloomy Outlook for Vice

THE slimy and coruscating serpent which has been winding its sinuous course all over New York City and leaving its trail from the Harlem River to Coney Island, with a few side excursions to adjacent localities, might as well prepare to gather up its coils and slide into the ocean. The moral purification and regeneration of New York has been attempted by many organizations in the past. Now Tammany has enlisted under the milk white banner of purity, and that makes it unanimous.

No more inspiring spectacle than this could be hoped for by the earnest gentlemen who have so long and so valiantly carried on an unequal battle with corruption in the metropolis, and it is a fitting close to a century that has been big with achievement. Whatever slim chance vice had to drag out a miserable existence in New York, skulking in byways and hiding from the light of reform, has been swept away by the facile hand of Mr. Croker. With the ocean at one side of it and Tammany sternly pursuing from every other side, it would, perhaps, be trite to say that vice in New York is between the devil and the deep sea, but even the most casual observer can see that it is in a bad way.

Vice has received many a hard knock before—as in that same metropolis, but in each instance it has [illegible] up if not smiling, at least able to stand. But the trouble in the past has been that the proper agencies were not employed on the offensive side. Successful warfare necessitates a knowledge of the enemy's country, his resources, his strength and his base of supplies. The earnest gentlemen who have in the past wrestled with the serpent were lacking in specific information on these points.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Tammany has never before had an opportunity of demonstrating its remarkable powers in this direction. For this reason there are some faint hearted Gothamites who profess to doubt Tammany's ability as a vice crusher. Their fears will soon fade away into empty air, and they will realize how unjust were their suspicions when they see [illegible] corruption and vice scurrying for cover, pursued by the lynx eyed district captains.

In this way, it will be seen, corruption will be entirely stamped out in a short time, police aid being summoned when necessary. Weekly reports on the progress of the crusade are to be forwarded to Mr. Croker, who is now in Europe, and when the city is thoroughly purified there is hope that he may be induced to return. This, perhaps, is what inspires the patriotic hosts of Tammany with unflagging energy in the good work. —FRANK X. FINNEGAN.

Sometimes a man in love acts foolishly, but all the same he is to be envied.

The Defense of Beauty

A MODERN poet has the following lines on what Byron calls "the fatal gift of beauty." He makes out a strong plea against the desirability of its possession, as did the fox against the grapes.

Beauty's a flower,
Which springs and withers almost in an hour;
Sickness impairs it, but death kills it quite,
It fades as fast as shadows in the night.

Poor beauty! how the moralists do tease her! If she is too vain of her "dangerous distinction," of her "eyes like stars of twilight fair," her "lips that seem on roses fed," and "her mermaid's yellow pride of hair," it is not for want of being perpetually reminded of the evanescence of her charms and the shortness of her existence. But let the owls hoot as they may, beauty, which, as Pope says, "draws us with a single hair," will always have a large share in the delight of man and the ruling of the world.

What lost the world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
For this, how many've lost, not earth, but Heaven!

Flowers are delightful things and universally prized, even if they do "wither almost in an hour," and so it is with beauty. Does it differ in its evanescence from any other possession on which men and women pride themselves? The intellectual power in which man exults—may not *that* be swept away in an hour by disease? Do not riches proverbially take to themselves wings, and fly from him who has sacrificed everything else to their conquest? If woman is found to be vain to a ridiculous degree of little personal distinctions, what is the reason for it? Is it not because intellect is not the main field of her influence and triumph—because personal attractions are the surest things to win attention and general appreciation? If the distinction of rare beauty—nay, even of a pretty arm, foot or ankle—turns a woman's head, who is to blame but society that overestimates such charms?

Is it not a good thing that a human being should have self-respect, from whatever source? And if a pretty hand is the sole claim to distinction, why grudge the distinction it wins? Is any human being the better for feeling himself or herself insignificant, and merely one of a class? Does not common justice require us to be lenient to any overconsciousness and parade of the one refuge from insignificance, where Nature and fortune have alike been niggard? Of course, when the parade is made in a grossly offensive form, showing that the love of distinction has become an appetite or ruling passion, dominating the soul to the exclusion of higher virtues, it may merit a rebuke as cutting as that which the late Lord Houghton once administered to an English lady of rank. She had been dilating on her triumphs, and had wound up by saying, "In fact, I have had hundreds of men at my feet." "Chiropodists, I suppose," was his lordship's quiet reply.
—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

MR. SAMUEL S. WHITE

One Hundred Years of Better Living

"Knowledge, love, power—there is the complete life," says a philosopher. It will not do to measure any period of time by population, dollars or wages. The great fact is life itself—the fact that we breathe and move and have our being—and the first duty is to know about this life and to apply our knowledge toward its betterment.

The other day in Paris there was erected a beautiful monument to Lavoisier, to whom is due the discovery of the chemical constitution of matter. Contributions for this worthy memorial came from all parts of the world from men who wanted to pay tribute to the founder of modern chemistry. Lavoisier was guillotined, and his contemporary, Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen, was mobbed, causing him to flee to Pennsylvania, where he died shortly after the present century began; but then, scientists in those days should have kept out of politics. On the discoveries of these two men much of the knowledge which has added to human comfort, human happiness and human safety was based. A hundred years ago it was not a very pleasant thing to discover too much. Medicine was still in its primitive stage; little was known of surgery, and the doctor as well as the people knew comparatively few diseases. Behold the change of a hundred years! Now we are blessed with the men who find new diseases, who catch and kill germs, who make our mortal frames transparent, who cut and carve our bodies with scientific precision, and who can differentiate the infinitesimal particles which we breathe, drink or eat. The increased knowledge is the greatest thing of the century. No one person can comprehend all of it, but with the era of specialization there is somebody in every fraction of the great world of science who has the information at command and who knows how to use it. This extends not only to the physical man, but to his environment. Thus we are better nowadays because we know more; and we live greater lives because we know better how to use what we know.

And the Greatest of These is Love

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity," said the Old Version.

The revisers changed the word charity to love. And it may truthfully be said that there is more love in the world to-day than there was one hundred years ago. Then Bonaparte was turning Europe into a ferment of blood and hate, and was invading Russia on a mission of brutal conquest. It is true that Russia, in a quiet way, is doing a little invading herself nowadays, but we must remember that it is the same Russia which proposed a peace conference.

The world has its differences and its wars, but humanity is broader and greater.

The more tender form of the divine passion, which reaches the individuals and makes them candidates for Heaven, is shown in more happy homes than ever before in the world's history. There is a sweeter love in the churches, a more brotherly feeling in the parties, and a finer spirit everywhere. The nations have great armies; but all their troops do not exceed the forces of philanthropy which are working every hour to uplift the human race, to make brighter the dark places, and to spread the religion of good deeds.

The Larger Power of the Individual

A hundred years ago man could travel only so fast as a horse could take him over the bad roads of his time. It required something like a month to cross the Atlantic. Communications of all sorts were slow and uncertain. Our mechanical aids at that time were but little more than crude potentialities. There was not a cooking-stove in the land. Now, when man has imprisoned steam, harnessed lightning, and bridled the flood, he can travel from hemisphere to hemisphere between two Sundays, can encircle the world with an electric spark in the twinkling of an eye, can talk across continents. Machinery has become almost human in intelligence, and its vast power has been brought under man's control. Think of the fact that the world moves 2,000,000,000 tons of freight every year.

And liberty is power. One hundred years ago one-sixth of the people of the United States were slaves. To-day there is perfect freedom in every corner of our possessions, with the probable exception of Sulu, whose Sultan, with his numerous wives, was a misfortune that came to us in the East. All over the world the abolition of slavery has gone on. Nowhere in this hemisphere does one human being own another. With freedom has come to the individual not only the sense of opportunity but the fulfillment of power.

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to say: "In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail."

The Increase of the Average Life

Man lives longer nowadays than he ever before did, and woman lives longer than man. The average life has steadily increased. On this page are the portraits of two interesting personalities. Mr. Fraley was born in 1804. He was one of the founders of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; was a member of the Philadelphia City Council seventy-six years ago; one of the first members of many of the large trade and social organizations of Philadelphia, and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania for nearly fifty years. His career belongs to that phase of effort and activity which has accomplished great things since 1800.

The other portrait is that of Samuel S. White, 3d, of Germantown, who has twice been decided to be the most perfect man, physically, in the world; this decision having been made in the Crystal Palace in London and later at Cambridge University, England. He is about twenty-two years of age, and represents that young manhood which has come from sound ancestry and right living.

All over the country there are old men like Mr. Fraley and young men like Mr. White showing the healthfulness of the century, and especially of its closing days, when amid all the luxuries right living is the dominant note.

Dr. John S. Billings investigated the cases of longevity. Most he found unreliable. One Hungarian was reputed to have reached 172 years; a native American claimed 141 years; but, in the words of Doctor Billings, "The greatest age ever attained by a human being is that of a man named Reeves," a Frenchman, who was then one hundred and eighteen years old. There are reports of ages greater than this, but, as in the case of the body-servants of Washington, the records are not conclusive.

Before fifty the most healthful occupation is that of the clergyman. The doctors and the lawyers are close together. After fifty years, according to the figures, it is more healthful to practice medicine or the law than it is to preach.

The Nation that Has Distanced History

The mere figures of the growth of this country stagger the understanding.

In one hundred years, while the population of the world has doubled, the population of the United States has increased fourteen-fold. The wealth has increased fifty-fold.

In 1800 the largest fortune in the United States was $250,000. To-day there are several fortunes of more than $200,000,000. In 1800 the settled area consisted of 305,708 square miles. To-day it is over 2,000,000 square miles.

The centre of population has moved from a position east of Baltimore to a point well within Indiana.

Only four per cent. of the people lived in cities one hundred years ago. To-day the proportion is over thirty out of every hundred of population.

Our agriculture, which amounted to a hundred millions a hundred years ago, is now rapidly approaching $3,000,000,000 a year, and the value of the farms of the country is almost $15,000,000,000.

We have more than forty branches of manufacture which each turn out, annually, more than $50,000,000 worth of products; and of the forty, five turn out over $500,000,000 each.

Our metallic products are approaching the $300,000,000 mark, and the other mineral products are nearly $400,000,000 per year.

Our foreign commerce of exports and imports has a total of almost $2,000,000,000 annually.

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Thus the story goes—a record of millions becoming billions and a story of increase beyond romance.

And behold the Government itself!

In 1800 one packet-sloop carried from Philadelphia to Washington all the furniture of the United States Government, together with all the Federal archives which filled "seven large boxes, and four or five smaller ones." As a contrast, see the thousands of buildings the Government owns to-day.

In only one of them has there been no great change. This is the White House. But, deficient as it is in some comforts, it still has its attractions as a place of residence.

MR. FREDERICK FRALEY

A Measure of Civilization

When we wish to reassure ourselves of an opinion or conviction we very often go to Emerson. To the question, What is civilization? he answered, "The power of good women."

Not only man but his deeds in the world and the whole sum and tendency of human history are judged by the treatment women receive and by the influence they exert.

In this century woman has played a nobler part than in any other hundred years of the world's history. It has been under the rule of a woman that the greatest monarchy on earth has prospered best. In the United States the weaker sex has been the stronger power. It is to her that we owe most of the churches, most of the philanthropic enterprises, and many of the great educational and charitable institutions; and of the 500,000 teachers who are educating the present generation, 400,000 are women. As her rights and privileges have increased, the country has gone upward. She can vote when she really wants to. A hundred years ago she and her money practically belonged to her husband. Now she has her own legal rights, with control of her own property; and within the present year a judge has decided that when she shows the better business sense she can be considered the legal head of the family, and the new German code of civil law provides that a husband may not open his wife's letters under any circumstances without her permission.

Some Bad with All the Good

"Pirates have fair winds and a calm sea when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them," said Jeremy Taylor. Of course the century is not all good. Evil has multiplied in many ways. Sometimes, when we look at the figures of crime and see the array of correctional institutions erected, it is easy to be a pessimist. Thus far there have been published a number of opinions that life is not so sound as it was in the old times. The crowding together of people in large cities, the tenement evil, the raising of children amid criminal surroundings, and all the other misfortunes of congested populations, present distressing problems. There are also the illegitimate use of wealth in politics, the sinful extravagances of society, and a great many other things which bring sorrow. But it is no more fair to judge of the showing of the century exclusively from the facts of misfortunes or wrongdoing than from the proofs of benefit and progress. Account must be taken of the whole mass of testimony, and when that is done we need not be afraid of the verdict.

It has been a great century, and, all things considered, it has been quite a good century.

Looking Toward the Future

Lord Lytton said: "Civilization obeys the same law as the ocean; it has its ebb and its flow; and when it advances on one shore it recedes on the other."

A hundred years ago Spain was greater in possessions and population than the United States, but during the century just ending its fortunes were long at an ebb and the flood has been with the United States. Similar changes have gone on in other nations and in other parts of the world. China has had the ebb; Japan has had the flow.

Thousands of years ago there were countries with great civilizations. To-day some of them are wild deserts.

What is the quality that will hold, that will make a nation strong and sure? "No civilization," said Bismarck, himself one of the great makers of modern history—"No civilization other than that which is Christian is worth seeking or possessing." This idea is shared by most of the great men of the world. Furthermore, it is proven by history itself. Wherever Christianity goes it takes civilization with it. Where it rules, civilization thrives. It is the permanent force in the world. Time will not wreck it, because it has that positive moral quality which is stronger than the ages.

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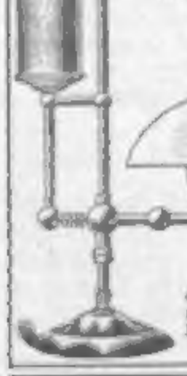

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON

THIS seems to be the season for convening in the District of Columbia, for everything under the sun has convened here, from the House and the Senate down to boarding-house keepers, claim agents, office-seekers and bootblacks, to say nothing of the myriads of débutantes who are gathered together for their yearly onslaught upon the social world. The more I see of life here and of those who go to make up the political and social structure, the more am I impressed by that trait in human nature which makes men and women "love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues." All this has been borne in upon me by two happenings: first, by the convening of Congress, which I could study more understandingly than a year ago when I was so nervous over the swearing-in of Robert; and second, by my attendance, on Thanksgiving Day, of the Alibi Club tea, to which I, with all the rest of the smart world, was bidden. The curtain has been rung up, and whether the play will be comedy, tragedy, or good old-fashioned melodrama, time and events alone will decide.

Thanksgiving morning I drove out to Chevy Chase for the first run of the hounds. The drag was laid over a course of six miles and was a pretty bit of toy sport. In the afternoon I went to the Alibi Club tea, where I met most of the matrons and maids and men who go to make up the smart world, and as I wandered about the stuffy rooms and squeezed up and down the narrow stairs, and as I noted their struggles one and all for the chief seats in the synagogue, I wondered to which class of society I rightfully belonged; for Taine has divided us all up into four classes: the lovers, the ambitious, the observers and the fools! And it is only to the latter that he cynically ascribes happiness. I am sure that I don't belong to the lovers, and I disclaim any kin to the fools, so where am I? Robert would say unhesitatingly that I would class among the ambitious, and he would doubtless add that I myself am not averse to a chief seat in the synagogue. Well, maybe so!

I was busy studying this question all the time that I was bowing and scraping and shaking hands with my fellow-mortals. I wished devoutly that Page had been there to help me in my social study, for she has a keen understanding of this society whose code, it seems to me, is more binding with them than that of Sinai. I wanted an explanation of some of the problems in the shape of the people who thronged those rooms all the afternoon. I wanted, as Senator P—— would put it, to get to the heart of the great American mystery as to why some are of the chosen and some are not. Is it only a case after all, as some one says, that "the elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect, whosoever won't?" I wanted to know, too, upon what meat this Alibi Club had fed that it had grown so great, and also how its little dispute with Mr. De Koven, over his use of its club song, had ever been adjusted; for adjusted it was, since he was *persona grata* with the Club. Above all I wanted some one to explain to me where in all these sixty square miles of District, with its dearth of eligible men, all the unpledged débutantes who flocked to that tea were going to find partners at the coming Germans, or, more pertinent still, where they were going to find partners for their jig through life.

No wonder there has been consternation among them, poor things, when they have made their initial bows to the world and have found, when they came to take stock of the men, that the only available ones were mostly those whom their mothers had danced with a generation ago. I did not wonder that one of these young girls, in her despair, waylaid the Secretary of the Navy and with pretty smiles thus stated the case:

"Please, Mr. Secretary, order a ship here for three months and give the officers shore duty. Why, we girls can't get along all winter with only our mothers' old beaux to dance with; we simply can't."

"But I haven't enough officers to spare," laughed the Secretary, "and besides, there wouldn't be enough to go around among so many. I suppose you couldn't make out with those who are on duty here in the Department if I were to order them out on special detail?" quizzed he.

"Goodness, Mr. Secretary, they're all old enough to be our grandfathers; no, we want a few ensigns," coaxed she.

"What would you do with them if I should order a batch of young ensigns here?" he asked.

"Well," said she reflectively, "of course I'd take the best-looking one of the lot myself, and then perhaps pass the rest on to some of the other girls."

They both laughed, then the Secretary said:

"You must ask Root to send you some. He's got some young subs who'd be glad of the chance of a billet in Washington."

"Oh! pshaw!" she cried poutingly, "the Secretary of War keeps all his officers just where you are keeping yours, Mr. Secretary — in China, in Cuba, in the Philippines. It seems to me that nothing nice ever comes to a girl nowadays in Washington," she wound up.

Poor child; she had not learned her lesson yet that nothing ever comes of itself in this world; that it has to be fetched; and that, too, after delving and digging for it.

As to Congress on its opening day, I was much more impressed by it than I was a year ago when I saw it convene. I drove to the Capitol before the noon hour and strolled about to see the hurrying throngs. I had a secret, childish desire to walk through the marble corridors in the basement to where the great dial in stone marks the line in the floor where the jurisdiction of the Senate begins. I stared at this huge marble compass set in the dark flooring, then I hurried upstairs lest I be caught in the act and my innermost thoughts be laid bare. I lingered in the Rotunda to stare a moment skyward to where the figure of the Father of his Country and other worthies of his day are performing an astonishingly mad gallop with the goddesses across an infinity of space, on the underside of the great dome's roof. I bestowed a moment or two on Trumbull's pictures, to wonder at the complexions he has bestowed on his statesmen and warriors, and I tried once again to puzzle out the anatomical freak, in one of the groups, of five hands which seem to belong to two young girls who stand simpering in the foreground of the picture. I was unable to account for that fifth hand and was about to abandon the solution in despair, when a voice, close behind me, said satirically:

"The worthy patriarch in the background could probably account for that fifth hand, Mrs. Slocum."

I well knew to whom the dry, satirical voice belonged; I said without turning:

"Fie, sir! It is no patriarch who stands behind the damsel; that is not the hand of Time upon her waist."

And I turned to greet Senator P——, whom I had not seen since Congress had adjourned in June. As we shook hands it seemed to me that there was something in his face—an added line, a shade of weariness—that was new to me. He turned with me toward the House whither I was going to see the calling to order of the second session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress. I studied his face narrowly as we walked along and put several leading questions as adroitly as possible to try to fathom his depression. I knew certainly that it could have nothing to do with his tenure in the Senate, for he was in the middle of his term. He said at last:

"The fact is, Mrs. Slocum, we old fellows who have been in public life as long as I have come to have a great sense of weariness. Why, we come back here to our old haunts in Congress and we have almost a feeling of sickness when we cross the currents of air that come from all these different passages and openings. We feel the old heart-sinkings as different objects recall old associations, old anxieties, defeats and fruitless triumphs. We've got to settle down again, whether we want to or not, to the ever-baffling and never-solved problems, and to face all these new questions which so threateningly come before us. There are the old personal rivalries, hatreds and jealousies, the old insults and slights from political friends with whom we can never hope to get even because of the very fact that they are political friends. There is the hurry-scurry all the mornings around the Departments, and the hurry-scurry back to committee-rooms, followed at last by a few hours of almost exhaustion in a Senate chair, only to have little clouds of visiting-cards thrust upon one from outsiders while one is trying all the time to follow the legislative business and at the same time to

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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look over the report of yesterday's speech; then, when the day is over, to be ambushed on the way home by office-seekers, to be hunted and haunted till midnight, and then to sit down to finish a report, or to read your home newspaper and find yourself denounced for your most meritorious acts; and finally, when the end of your public career comes, to retire to private life, old, poor as Job's turkey, and with only an old scrapbook full of small newspaper puffs and a volume of printed speeches on dead-and-gone issues to show for it."

I never had heard Senator P—— speak in this vein before. His voice was quiet and low, almost monotonous. He was not posing. I wondered suddenly if Robert, who was entering the second session of his first term in the House and whose prospect of the Senate was quite certain, would ever come to feel this way. My heart sank. The Senator spoke again, after a moment, in tones of emotion:

"Ah! Mrs. Slocum, Davis is to be envied. He has had the best of it. Nothing but love and honor for him can ever rise in the breasts of his countrymen. He has 'wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and has lain down to pleasant dreams.'"

The Senator was silent, and I did not intrude upon that silence for a time. I had the clue at last to his weariness and depression. He had lost his friend just as the country had done and he was mourning. I asked gently, after a bit:

"Senator Davis was your personal friend, was he not?"

"Yes, my personal, lifelong friend, and the best that man ever had!"

We had reached the House gallery when I paused with an inquiring gesture.

"Yes," said the Senator in response to my mute question, and rousing himself out of his depression; "I am coming in with you. I've nothing that I mean to do to-day, for I don't in the least mind missing the 'opening' of the Senate; I'll come in here and see the 'wheels go round.' I want to hear your remarks on my fellow-legislators and I hope they will be racy."

The Senator's face relaxed into a smile. We took our seats, and just at that moment I had a glimpse of Robert below in the act of slapping a fellow-member on the back. He had his hat on the back of his head and a lighted cigar in his hand. His face was broad and expansive with smiles. He seemed to be in the very abandonment of good-fellowship. He was the perfect picture of the new untried member with his political future in his sling, while the man at my side was the incarnation of effectual disenchantment. I was startled by the picture thus presented of these two men, and dark misgivings held me for a moment. Just then the House was called to order and the din on the floor was hushed. Cigars were removed, hats came off, feet came down from their perches on the desks. The prayer was made, the gavel fell, and lo! the second half of the term of the Fifty-sixth Congress was in session.

"Do you know, Senator P——," said I, "that I heard some one once in a burst of enthusiasm liken the galleries around the House to the mountains around Jerusalem?"

The Senator glanced around with an amused look on his face and said:

"I cannot see wherein there could be any likeness to Jerusalem here. There is certainly nothing cherishing or protecting about these galleries. I should say they were rather threatening than otherwise. To the member on the floor below the galleries seem one big Cyclopean eye eternally fixed upon himself."

I leaned over the railing and scanned the confused mass of moving, talking, hand-shaking men below. Suddenly I broke out:

"I never noticed before that Congressmen are so undersized. They all seem to be little men."

The Senator began to smile. He said with animation:

"Your remark reminds me of Mr. Lincoln, who once made that very same remark, only in a different sense. In 1864 the entire delegation in Congress of a certain State was very much down on Mr. Lincoln and they harassed him at every turn, though at the same time they tried to get everything out of him that they could. One day they wanted something, and two of the delegation went up to the White House with a number of their constituents, all of whom, with the exception of the two Representatives, were six-looters. The President was amazed at these great, strapping, tall men. He asked the Representatives:

"'Are they all from your State?'

"'All,' was the proud response.

"'It seems strange that your State should always send her *little* men to Congress,' remarked Mr. Lincoln dryly.

"You see, Mrs. Slocum, it is the height of the gallery that dwarfs the House."

"Well," said I, gazing down on the hurly-burly below, "taken as a whole and from this viewpoint I cannot help wondering how most of them ever escaped from the mediocrity of home to the mediocrity of the House, and I begin to believe that our people have grown to be great, not through the providence of their legislators' wisdom but in spite of their stupidity."

"Oh, Mrs. Slocum," interrupted the Senator interestedly, "your estimate is very superficial. You can really have no conception of what a giant the House is. It may be turbulent and noisy, and it may be sometimes whimsical and unequal, with its days of wrangle and its moments of serious work; but it is shrewd, sagacious and strong. It is despotic, but it is great. In some ways it is the greatest power in our whole Government."

"What, greater than your own body?" queried I in surprise.

"Well, no, not that. The two branches of Congress are coördinate and inseparable. But it is a far greater achievement for a man to make himself felt in the House than in the Senate, and all the great leaderships in our political history have been achieved in the House. No man has ever gone straight out of the Senate to the White House."

"What, not Garfield?"

"He was never seated. He was elected, but went straight to the White House from the House of Representatives."

The Senator was shattering my idols. I was beginning to wonder why I had striven, and why Robert had striven, for the toga, if, after all, it were not the *ultima thule* of the statesman.

Just then my reflections were cut short by the doorkeeper of the gallery who handed a scrap of paper to Senator P——. It was from Robert, who had spied us from the floor below and who wanted us to come down to the café for luncheon with him, whither we went at once.

Robert was in high feather and was very much tickled over an application for office that had just been made to him by one of the darky barbers in the House barber shop.

"You see," said Robert, "he thinks he did a great deal for the party in the campaign and that he is entitled to reward. I said to him:

"'Why, Sam, how do you make that out?'

"'Well, sir, it's this-a-way. I'se got a dream-book, an' I'se got the power, an' I jus' wrastled with that dream-book all thoo' the campaign. I never let nary day go by an' it turned out jus' as I conjured it would, an' my dream bein' out I thought as how I'd speak to you, sir. They say, sir, you'se got a great pull up yonder at the White House."

The two men threw their heads back and laughed with glee. The Senator said:

"So Hanna wasn't in it, after all! I'm going to tell him he must quit imposing on the public any longer."

"Well," said I, "I think it is rather a pathetic incident than otherwise. He probably believed that he really influenced the campaign."

"Certainly," said Robert, "and then he caught the fever for office from seeing the hordes of office-seekers who are thronging the whole Capitol."

"Are there so many of them?" I asked.

The two men shrugged their shoulders. I asked again in my ignorance:

"Will there be vacancies?"

They both smiled knowingly, and the Senator said:

"Your question is best answered in the language of Jefferson, who apologized after he became President for the thirty-nine removals he made from office. Said he: 'Vacancies by death are few; by resignation none.'"

"Oh, how horrid it all is!" cried I.

"Oh, no, not horrid, Mrs. Slocum; only human. Some clever writer has said that we are continually living over again the story of the Creation; that in the first order of things beasts were created and brought before Adam that he might give them names and places in the universe, and that he might have dominion over them, but nowadays the human animal comes himself before his own kind and begs for a place, and cries: 'Give me a name, give me a title, that I may not be naked and ashamed.'"

There was a tone of contempt and sadness in his voice, and the old depression had returned to his face. I went home that day with something of chill in my blood.

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Officers and Gentlemen

(Concluded from Page 3)

proportion of unworthy people participate in the lavish distribution of honors which accompanies the conclusion of every trumpery campaign.

In the late Nile expedition the adjutant of every British regiment at Omdurman received the Distinguished Service Order and the colonel was created a Companion of the Bath. In a few years' time the circumstances of the award are forgotten. No record of the reason is preserved at the War Office; and every one, soldiers and civilians alike, seeing the letters "C. B.," or "D. S. O.," added to an officer's name is led to believe that he had shown marked talent and capacity in the field, whereas in actual fact all he did was to be present at the mild engagement of Omdurman without disgracing himself. So the army and the public learn to trust to the results of a false competition. How often have I heard it said: "He is a shocking fool, but he won a D. S. O. somewhere, so he must be a good man." The fact that an officer really distinguishes himself in savage warfare may prove that he is a man of nerve and capacity, but it does not prove either that he is a better man than all those hundreds whom he passes over and who never have had his chance, or that experience gained and talent shown in savage war will be of value in operations under modern conditions. It is not possible, or even desirable, to close the jungle path to fame, but it should not, as it is now, be the only way.

Imbecility of Military Instructors

Never forgetting the highroad on which the traffic must be regulated and improved, let me suggest another bypath. Military education awaits in a sad condition the hand of the reformer. How many regimental officers can instruct and interest their men in the craft of war? How many seconds-in-command can give a sensible and well-considered lecture to the junior officers? I go higher. It is of extreme importance that cadets at Sandhurst and Woolwich should receive instruction from the finest minds in the army. Now five years ago, when I was a cadet at Sandhurst, many of the instructors were quite incompetent to teach any one anything. Instead of delivering carefully prepared lectures, the results of earnest thought and deep study, some of them contented themselves with reading aloud extracts from the official textbooks, interspersed with occasional imbecile comments of their own. There were numerous honorable exceptions, to whom I gladly pay a grateful tribute, but it would surely not be unjust or exaggerated to say that the class of instructors at Sandhurst was not representative of the highest military intelligence of the service. It may be said: "It is no good giving cadets the best. They do not pay enough attention." The reply is evident. Give them the best. Expel those who do not attend and fill their places with others who will. I have heard similar complaints about the Staff College, which is more serious still, though here again there are splendid exceptions. But the cause of all this imperfection is that the position of instructor or "teacher" is despised in the army. Sandhurst is considered a "soft billet." A garrison instructor is regarded by his brother officers in rather the same way that I am told Eton boys look upon a "tug." But what pernicious rubbish this idea is! For what, after military material, is more important nowadays than military education?

Comparison with Lee and Jackson

There is a prejudice in the army against men who can talk and write. That is to say, there is a prejudice against men who can think; for none can talk or write sensibly unless he can think clearly. It is not a fact that any man who can think deeply and express the results of his thoughts clearly—perhaps vividly—is necessarily unfitted for the command of men. "What," I hear a voice exclaim, "will you make generals of professors?" But when I think of Lee and Jackson I am not disinclined to reply, "Why not?" The leaders of armies must be men of high and commanding intelligence; not merely hard-working and thick-headed. It is not skillful generals who develop into great men. It is great men who win fame through being skillful generals. It is the mind which animates the matter. But we grow too large and I hasten to return to the immediate argument. This path, the path of the teacher of others, will at any rate afford a peace-time opening for the best thinkers in the service. Some of these may be men of action, too. Then give them their chance. Take the professor from the Staff College and give him the command of a brigade against the enemy; take your instructor from Sandhurst and let him be staff officer to the flying column; you may have found a Stonewall Jackson; in any case you will have attracted the pick of the army to the province of military education.

The Absence of Incentive to Economy

I would like to write something here about another method by which we may give our officers responsibility and opportunities for showing their capacity, and perhaps make a considerable financial saving at the same time—I mean by interesting the army in economy. At present no soldier from the Commander-in-Chief downward has the slightest incentive to save the public any expense. All are judged by the military efficiency of their respective commands. The more money they can screw out of the taxpayers the better for them. If they save, the more foolish they, for who will thank them for it? But surely efficiency and economy should go hand in hand together. They are twin sisters born at a birth, dependent one upon the other. Why should they become the symbols of conflicting forces? Come back to the cavalry regiment. If a colonel, instead of knowing that the more saddles he can "cast," as worn out, the better saddled will be his regiment and no one a penny the poorer (except John Bull, "who has a —— long purse"), knew that what he saved in saddles he could devote to more cartridges for his men to shoot with, or more oats for his horses to eat, would he not practice more rigid economy?

The wrack and strain of the Boer War have tried our military machinery to the utmost. The flash of the guns has thrown a vivid light on many anomalies and defects. A mighty volume of intelligent public opinion and national resolve is directed toward the work of reform. Ill would it be for the Empire if this tremendous force, which has such vast potentialities for good, were misguided by ignorant fanatics, were suffered to waste itself in the sterile deserts of officialism, or were seduced by politicians to the furtherance of their leveling creeds. It is to the unwearying pressure of great masses of sensible, moderate people throughout the Kingdom, deeply stirred by the events and misfortunes of the war, applied to the good sense and progressive tendencies of the army itself, that the cause of army reform must be intrusted.

Wooing of Tom Sleight's Wife

(Concluded from Page 5)

a situation at the Hotel du Louvre. Master Tom expected to be in Paris almost as soon as his letter.

"'I think I'll go 'round to the Louvre, if I can be spared for a quarter of an hour,' said Marie, 'and see the manager.'

"Two days after, at one o'clock precisely, Mr. Tom Sleight walked into the café. He didn't look cheerful, and he didn't look sad. He had been to the Louvre; Mary Godselle had left there about a year ago, but he had obtained her address in Paris, and had received a letter from her that very morning. He showed it to Marie. It was short, and not well written. She would meet him in the Tuileries that evening at seven, by the Diana and the Nymph; he would know her by her wearing the onyx brooch he had given her the day before their wedding—she mentioned it was onyx in case he had forgotten. He only stopped a few minutes, and both he and Marie spoke gravely and in low tones. He left a small case in her hand at parting; he said he hoped she would wear it in remembrance of one in whose thoughts she would always remain enshrined—I can't tell you what he meant; I only tell you what he said. He also gave me a very handsome walking-stick with a gold handle—what for, I don't know. I take it he felt like that.

"Marie asked to leave that evening at half-past six. I never saw her looking prettier. She called me into the office before she went. She had in one hand a beautiful opal brooch set in diamonds—it was what he had given her that morning—and in her other hand the one of onyx.

"'Shall I wear them both,' asked she, 'or only the one?' She was half-laughing, half-crying already.

"I thought for a bit. 'I should wear the onyx to-night,' I said, 'by itself.'"

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